BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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GOLD MEDAL AT FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1908.

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"John Bull," April 10, 1909. No. 1.

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JOHN BULL.

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. VI. No. 149. Saturday, April 10th, 1909. One Penny.

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By Order of the Board,
COLES L. HARRIS,
Secretary.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The General Election is drawing near. As we announced, and announced exclusively, a few weeks ago, it is the intention of the Peers to throw out the Finance Bill and thus force an appeal to the country. Originally, it was felt that a sufficient justification for their action would be found in the new taxation proposals of the Government—but the Naval scare has immensely strengthened their position, and unless the Budget provides for eight *Dreadnoughts*, the patriotic Peers will throw down the gauntlet.

What irony! Dear old "C.-B." pouring out his thunder against the Lords; the King's Speech, for the first time in modern history, alluding to the hitch between the Houses; Asquith boasting about the "dominant issue"; and then, whilst all this blather is going on, the Lords themselves challenging the combat—and probably winning it!

And what a change the new Parliament will reveal! The Labour Party practically wiped out; the Irish once more militant; Balfour and his dismal men again in power—with all the young bloods, on both sides, kicking over the traces. And after that—the Business Government.

Is it generally known that a juryman need not be a British subject? We recently suffered a temporary reverse at the hands of a jury which comprised about half-a-dozen aliens. No wonder they didn't love John Bull. We shall certainly introduce a Bill to remedy this anomaly.

We hear that, acting upon the advice of Mr. Simon, K.C., an action is about to be brought against the proprietors of Beecham's Pills for the "fraudulent misrepresentation" that they are "worth a guinea a box." It is further stated that in view of the great public importance of the case, an application will be made to Mr. Justice Lawrance to fix an early day for the trial. The claim will be for damages, as recission would involve the return of the goods—and it is now too late for that.

There is a rumour that Mr. Lloyd George means to tax cats and phonographs. There will be a rare row if he does. But what about bachelors—and why not spinsters, too? "Let us marry and save the tax," would soon be a new form of proposal.

To-day (Saturday) is the 80th birthday of General Booth, and we shall, in our next issue, publish a special character study of the old man, by one who *really* knows.

A mem. for the Easter holidays: Be sure you get a copy of "Bottomley's Book"—if you can.

The idea of a John Bull League is catching on; and as soon as our hands are a little more free, we intend to go ahead with it. Then woe betide the Faddists and the Cranks, and the Kill-Joys and the Grundys, and the Chadbands and the Stigginses, and the Antis This and That, and the Isms and the Schisms—and all—the other imps of the political inferno.

We have just about as much faith in Canadian loyalty as we have in German friendship. The latest example is most illuminating. Whilst little New Zealand is offering us a *Dreadnought*, Canada is proposing to build a navy of her own and to "lend" it to us in time of need! Poor, stupid old "John Bull"—how they do pull his leg, to be sure!

Canada's natural allegiance is with America—and nature always asserts itself in the end. And America's natural alliance is with the British Empire. That is the real and the only two-Power standard which will secure the peace of the world.

Just a question or two about Sir Wm. Treloar's Cripples' Fund:—(1) Why did the Ragged School Union decline to co-operate this season in the distribution of the Christmas hampers? (2) What firm supplies the hampers? (3) Are tenders invited? (4) Is a balance-sheet issued? Perhaps Sir William will favour us with a reply to each of these questions, which we trust are not improper ones.

We have no great admiration for Ruskin College or the principle for which it stands, except in so far as we should like to see the buildings and resources of the Universities used rationally for the real benefit of the people at large, for whom they were intended, instead of being largely wasted in the supposed interest of a small number of comparatively rich youths. Closer union between the whole of the elementary and secondary schools and the 'Varsities would be a good thing, but the idea of sending selected young working-men to an imitation college in a University town seems likely to produce as much evil as good. It has been well said that the ignorance and obsequiousness of the English working-classes are their greatest enemies; and the saying has some truth in it. The Ruskin College way may not be the best way of removing these obstacles, any more than the University Settlement method is the best for bringing educated wealthy youths into touch with the problems of the poor. Both systems tend possibly to encourage snobbery and priggism. The Ruskinian working-class leader is apt to be somewhat trying, and we shall not be surprised if after returning to the bench or the trade union office the Ruskin College recruits find themselves less popular and influential than they were before "improving their education."

Apropos, a friend of ours visiting a Northamptonshire village recently was tickled immensely by his experiences one evening in contact with a lower-middle-class or superior working-class family, which boasted a "scholarship boy" on holiday from Cambridge among its members. "It was an amusing case of God and the Ant—or God and the Worms," he says, describing the attitude of the book-stuffed cub towards the people who had fed and clothed him and enabled him to "rise." Still, some working-men can bear the higher education almost as satisfactorily as some of their social superiors can bear the lower ignorance. If Ruskin College is to be of any use to the Labour movement, Sociology and Logic are just the subjects that should be taught most thoroughly, and we are glad to see the statement by the Committee that there is no truth in the rumour that they are to be dropped; but at the time of writing there does not seem much chance of a settlement.

A fairly good insight into the calibre of the present House of Commons is obtained by the subjects selected by private members who are successful in the ballots for Bills and motions. On the Government side, despite the lessons of the Licensing Bill, it is all "Temperance Reform"—Sunday closing, election day closing, and all the rest of it! But a most amusing aspect of the matter has recently come to light. A week or two ago Mr. D. V. Pirie, a Scottish member, introduced a Sunday Closing Bill. It now turns out that Mr. D. V. Pirie is the proprietor of a brand of champagne—the consumption of which would not, of course, be affected by stopping the supply of the working man's beer. Being challenged, Mr. D. V. Pirie pleads, like the servant girl, that his vineyard is such a little one! What humbug! But it won't last much longer, D. V, Pirie!

Much is to be said for the protest of the Birmingham Medical Students' Society against the General Anæsthetics Bill. The primary object of this measure appears to be to prevent surgeon dentists from administering anæsthetics. On the face of it, the Bill will give the medical anæsthetist a job at the expense of the patient. The administration of anæsthetics is a part of the compulsory curriculum of the dental student, and he has to administer them in the course of his studies. No such obligation is upon men qualifying as doctors, and it is notorious that many medical men are quite incompetent for the work. It is not, in fact, in consequence of the "misadventures" of surgeon dentists that the agitation has arisen, but in consequence of those arising out of surgical work in hospitals and work in general medical practice. Judging by the statistics, dental surgeons are the most competent, or let us say the most fortunate, anæsthetists of all, as one would expect from their training. To penalise them, and through them their patients, as proposed under this Bill would be an indefensible blunder and injustice.

We have our weather eye on another little Bill—this time one introduced into the House of Commons for first reading by Sir John Kennaway to provide for the compulsory closing of all shops on Sundays. Prohibition burns in some people like fever; and is apparently as catching. They are never happy unless they are prohibiting something or somebody, and if at first they don't succeed, other people try, try again. If they all had their way we should soon be prohibited from doing anything except pay rent, rates, and taxes. "Please govern me as little as possible," was the fervent prayer of Baron Bramwell. "Please govern other people as much as possible," is the prayer of the faddist everywhere, inside and outside the House. Instead of wider freedom they clamour for narrower restrictions. They would have England governed like a children's nursery.

Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh could both write a good letter, and what is still more scarce, a good love-letter: therefore an excuse may be found not generally available when bundles of old private correspondence are given to the world, for the publication by Mr. John Lane of the Carlyle epistles. Besides, out of the chatter aroused by Froude and others an impression had got around that the Carlyle-Welsh marriage was not a love affair. The present letters make it quite plain that whatever the union of the Carlyles may or may not have been, it was one of deep affection, not to say reckless passion, on Carlyle's part. Both the Sage and the woman come out of the ordeal very well. Perhaps there is a flavour of theatricality here and there about the letters; and it may be that the writers even then thought it possible that one day the world would gorge on them with avidity. It has been said that a well-written love-letter is always immortal: that some day it is sure to turn up in public: that, like murder, it will out. Which reminds us that once when we wrote this sentence before the printer altered it to "A well-written love-letter is always *immoral*." There may, however, have been the beginning of a truth in the emendation after all, but it was not what we meant.

We observe that a discussion is raging in a leading provincial journal as to "whether women should preach." We take an extreme view on this point, namely, that neither men nor women should preach—that of all the many forms of wasted human effort there is none more wasteful. However, when we come to the narrower issue, and assume for the sake of argument that anybody may be usefully employed in holding forth on the wickedness of others, we plump unhesitatingly for women. There can be no comparison in attractiveness between a pretty pleader of the other sex, whatever she pleads about, and a solemn-visaged member of our own, with a little round place on top and a waist that contradicts his invitation to austerity. General Booth is one of the wisest men of his time. He knows more about the relation of the religious emotions to other things than any other of the great leaders. That was why he gave women equal place with men on the platform of the Salvation Army. A warm room, starvation, and a Salvationist lassie, you may remember on his own confession, once nearly converted Mr. Morley Roberts from Agnosticism, out San Francisco way.

The indignation caused by the action of the Brighton Corporation with respect to the Aquarium licence and Sunday concerts has in no respect subsided. Feeling in this breezy seaside town is very bitter against the blind bigots. The much-boomed municipal orchestra has been reduced from 48 to 28 performers, and during the summer months they will not be permitted to play in either the Dome or the Pavilion Gardens. We understand that one or two Brighton councillors are making an effort to get a poll on the matter. Certain it is that the majority of the Council have done poor service to the town by this action.

We have heard a great deal lately about Norwegian granite and the wickedness of the Government in allowing its use at Rosyth. It is a technical matter to some extent, but there seems to be no reason why so much secrecy should be observed as to the proposed source of supply. Writing us on this point, a reader makes a suggestion of some interest. He says that the other day he was looking round some new streets in an important borough run by a Conservative-Tariff Reform Council, when he came across a notice calling upon a property owner to put the roads into a proper state of repair. Among the other specific things which he was ordered to do within so many days was to lay down kerbs of *Norwegian* granite! Our correspondent wants to know: Why this thusness? So do we. "A return of all the local authorities in the country giving this preference to imported granite over native granite for work for which our own granite is equally suited would be interesting," he says. And the explanation of the local surveyors as to the reasons for the preference might be doubly interesting.

The public must often wonder how various things get into the papers. The case of a War Office contract for American canned beef may serve to enlighten them. Recently the *Standard* announced that a large three years' contract had been placed with Messrs. Armour and Co. "because Australian packers were unable to supply either the quantity or the quality required." Australian inquiries at the War Office revealed the fact that the officials refused to "accept responsibility" for this report, and referred the enquirer to Messrs. Armour and Co.! Anyhow, there was no truth in the statement that Australian packers could not supply the stuff; and they have been asked to tender for about half a million tins. It is a pity that all such interested trade rumours are not as promptly traced to their sources. "John Bull" and his sons and daughters have allowed the foreigner to crow far too frequently.

The many personal friends whom Mr. Reader Harris, K.C., made among all classes of the community, not even excepting the burglar who broke into his house and stole his plate basket, will regret to hear of his death. He was a curious blend of the saint and the lawyer, and probably the saint had most of the mixture. If the law was his profession religion was his passion. Founder and for many years lay pastor of a Communion called the "Pentecostal League," he preached with a zeal outshining that of the late Sam Waddy, K.C., perhaps the most tearful and tear-drawing advocate who ever addressed a jury on behalf of an injured and beloved client. The sincerity of Mr. Harris's religious convictions was never in doubt. In him many a hardened criminal found a true friend, helpful in all good things. London has lost a big-hearted man; and big-hearted men, wherever found, are not easily replaced.

Whatever else the Croydon election proved, it made it manifest that the country is not just now in the mood for Socialism. After all, we are a martial race—and we have been taught to fight for what we want. All we say is, let the conditions of the fight be fair to all.

According to Mr. C. Hughes, one of the members of the West Ham Board of Guardians, "some of the inmates of the local workhouse would not be satisfied if they lived in the Hotel Cecil. If he had his way he would like to put a stone round their necks and drop them into the river." It would be illuminating to know what some of the inmates would like to do to Mr. Hughes by way of returning the compliment. For, after all, supposing that the complaint of a man in the "house" is justified by the facts, there does seem a considerable difference between the Hotel Cecil and the Hotel de West Ham. He says that many of the inmates are in a verminous condition, and do not change their clothing for a month, also that eleven people have to drink out of one mug, and that many men have to sleep in a workshop on a cold night, with only a single blanket to cover them. These startling allegations have been referred to the House Committee, and we are curious to know to what extent they are to be credited. They look rather too detailed to be the inventions of a workhouse lawyer.

Another savage example of what so many of our unpaid magistracy call justice is furnished by the Portsmouth bench. They had before them three girls, 17, 21 and 18 years of age respectively, two of them charged with stealing a pair of roller skates, the property of the Portsmouth Corporation, from the South Parade Pier, the other with "receiving the same." It appears that skates are not allowed to be brought off the pier without a private skater's ticket for them being shown. One of the girls gave the other a ticket of this kind, and the girl was thus able to leave the pier with a loaned pair. Her sister was subsequently seen with the skates, and then admitted that they had been given to her. All the girls pleaded guilty. "The two youngest girls were given bad characters by their parents, who stated they were unable to do anything with them." The effect was that the girls were each sentenced to one month's imprisonment. It does not appear to have occurred to the Portsmouth magistrates that they were first offenders, and that there must be something not quite right in their home training when their own parents condemned them in open court. To our mind the sentence is a judicial inhumanity. Whatever faults the girls may have had, they are now branded for life as gaol birds—all for a pair of roller skates. Let the Home Secretary give the magistrates a lesson in humanity, and that without delay.

A gross scandal has been brought to light at Dover by the petition of the men employed by the Belgian Government on the Admiralty Pier. The facts are of a piece with much else which happens under Belgian administration. "Formerly our hours were twenty-four hours on duty and twenty-four hours off duty," say the men in their letter to the Administration of Marine at Brussels, "but at the present time they are forty-eight hours on and twenty-four off, commencing at 8 a.m., and ending at 8 a.m. on the second day following, during the whole of which time we have to be in attendance on the Admiralty Pier, with the exception that on the middle day we are sometimes able to leave between 6 a.m. and 10 p.m." They then go on to say that the one accommodation provided for the seven men on duty at a time is a room 10 ft. by 8 ft. and 9 ft. high, that much of this air space is occupied by lockers and bunkers, and so on, and that there is no lavatory accommodation whatever. To this petition the Belgian Marine Administration answered declining to alter the arrangements. The men, be it said, are not Belgians, but English; and this is how they are treated. Happily, in one respect, that of accommodation, the Dover Sanitary Authority has a right of interference. We trust that they will use it with drastic effect.

It is true that one must employ wiles to catch the wily, but it seems to us a matter of questionable policy whether the police are entitled to use their authority and opportunities to induce others to break the law. A case in point is reported from Boston, where a police sergeant sent his daughter to the house of a local palmist to "get her hand read." Having given the palmist money, the woman did her part of the bargain by enlightening her visitor as to her future prospect in love, courtship, and marriage. Palmistry may be a silly business, but it is not to be forgotten that it is based on settled rules which demand a certain amount of study and experience to master, that the people who practise it do believe in it, that it has a not inconsiderable literature, and is as little objectionable as bump feeling. The "fortune" told in this case to the police sergeant's daughter was that the girl had a large brain and should have a long courtship, that she would make a good actress, that her health and wealth lines were very good, and that she should not marry young. The magistrates fined the woman £20 and costs or three months, though obviously this was not a case of fortune-telling at all. It may even be that the information given was worth all the money paid for it. It has, however, become the fashion for magistrates to convict palmists merely because they are palmists, and the Boston bench seems about as indiscriminating, if rather more vindictive, than others. On the evidence as reported, the woman should not have been convicted at all.

Perhaps the magistrates of Halifax will tell us, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith, why they were so peculiarly subtle when they had a labourer named Wilson before them the other day. Wilson, found the worse for drink in a railway carriage, was charged by the company with travelling without paying his fare. The defendant had 15s. in his pocket when discovered. The magistrates fined him 12s. 6d., including costs, or seven days. "All right," said Wilson, "I'll do the seven days." Then spoke the chairman. "Here, come back. I am kindly disposed to those who are seeking work in these bad times. But you have spoilt yourself. We thought you would pay the fine out of your own money. Now, however, you will be fined £1 and 9s. 6d. costs, or go to prison for a month." "All right, sir," was the bland reply. Now there is some suspicion in this case, it may be admitted, that Mr. Wilson is one of those gentlemen who regard prison as their happy home. But a magisterial decision should be given on the facts regarded in the light of the circumstances. If the first decision was a just one on these lines, why increase it merely because the man made his choice of the alternatives, as he was entitled to do? Practically, it comes to this, that the magistrates quadrupled the sentence because the man preferred seven days to parting with his money. But a liking for gaol is no offence in English law, and therefore is not subject to punishment; q.e.d.

There is a man in Stoke who probably suffers but to smile. Until recently he was earning 12s. a week at the workhouse labour yard, but the eagle eyes of the Revenue officers being upon him, they found that he owned a dog. They therefore asked him to produce his licence. As he obviously had not the money to buy one, they charged him with keeping a dog without the same, and the magistrates sent him to gaol for fourteen days. Being in gaol, he could not work at the labour yard. Not working, he ceased to support his wife, his children, and his dog. But here comes his laugh, if perchance he is a philosopher. No sooner had he gone to gaol than his wife and ten children went into the workhouse, and the ratepayers have no option but to keep the whole procession while the State is keeping him. It only remains for the State to step in once more as he steps out, and charge him with cruelty to animals by neglecting to provide sufficient food for that bow-wow. And, by the way, what has become of the dog? Has it been adopted by some person of kindly heart, and will she refuse to give it up to the owner unless he defrays the expenses of maintenance? Also, has it become a ferocious animal within the meaning of the Act, and will the man be liable to an action for damages if it bites bits out of a policeman or an Inland Revenue officer?

Napoleon said that an army marched on its stomach. Possibly had the stomach (and feet) of the French army been looked after a little better in 1870, the Franco-Prussian War might have ended differently. Anyway, since that war, piou-piou has been much more carefully fed than formerly; and in Morocco we saw how within half-an-hour of the evening halt all the men were served with a warm meal of sufficient quantity if somewhat monotonous in composition. Everyone who has followed armies in the field knows how important a person is the army chef; even Kipling has admitted that boys of the bulldog breed may run away from worse soldiers if led to battle on empty bellies. A trifle more consideration of this point might have saved us some nasty experiences in India years ago, and in South Africa more recently. It is to be hoped that Mr. Haldane will see to it that our Army is well provided with cooks. This week, in Paris, there was a regimental kitchen contest; and some of the papers have been funny over the fact that soldiers were asked questions about the amount of salt necessary to cook seven pounds of potatoes, and how many onions must be used to make a good stew for a company of troops. Yet it is conceivable that such matters may be really interesting to the French soldier in the next war, when he has marched his thirty miles laden with the heaviest military pack carried by any fighting man since the noble Roman.

That is a queer thing which has happened in the parish of Lee Chapel, in Essex. The parish is quite without poor, or at least without people requiring parish relief. The parishioners have nevertheless to pay a heavy poor rate, and recently at a parish-meeting not only were two overseers elected to do the Poor Law work required, which is no work at all, but an assistant overseer was also elected to help them to do it. Such is the information which comes to us from a resident, who ought to know. Anybody wanted to help the assistant overseer?

Do you jig-saw? If you do not, you will very soon be utterly out of date. For Zig-zag, or Jig-saw, is bound to become as popular as ping-pong used to be. Some cute Yankee has boomed the thing as a nerve-cure; "a relaxation from the stress and strain of Wall Street;" one or two smart shop-keepers in London have taken it up; it has been tried and found satisfying in certain London drawing-rooms (so they say), and it promises to become as familiar as Selfridge. Really, this new pastime is a very old one; many of our readers must have played it in the nursery—at least, in its elementary forms. It consists in putting together again the fragments of a wood-based picture that has been cut up into scraps by a fretsaw—which, in American, is a "jig-saw." Boxes are now sold containing a number of these pictures, tables of four are formed, and the competition in picture-making proceeds very much on the lines of a whist-drive. "Society people have taken it up with rapture," and no doubt "An Englishman's Home" will be revised accordingly. "Jig-tournaments" are already being talked of. Well, so now we may begin to forget about the Navy and Germany and other such trifles.

Here is what a Norfolk parson says :—

> Won't you have something to say on behalf of poor country clergy, true to Liberal principles, who have to look on quietly and see a Government, for whose accession to power some of us fought hard, bestowing all its honours on political opponents? Does it not seem strange that for J.P.'s, for clerical appointments, and so on, no Liberal seems good enough to deserve preferment from our present leaders, but everything goes to our opponents? Of course, the personal element comes in a little. I fought hard for Sir Wm. B. Gurdon, and got into bad odour with the Tory aristocrats round here in consequence, but I cannot remember being even thanked!
>
> And here is another grievance. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have resolved to augment the income of livings worth under £200 up to £200, conditional on the population in that locality being over 500. Now, sir, can you see any justice in that? My net income here is well below £140, and the population is 325. The wage is a starvation wage when one has, as I have, large grounds to keep up, and my wife and I have exhausted our own little savings in order to keep clear of debt. Now the inevitable has come and I must resign, sell up, pay my debts and go back to a curacy. The weary struggle for preferment must begin all over again. Yet there is a good field of work here, and I have no black marks against my character, and am still under 40. My Bishop, like Gallio, cares for none of these things; he promotes to fat livings young fellows of only two years' standing in orders. The Government gives its livings to Tories, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners evidently think that the amount of population determines whether a man is poverty-stricken or no. Did you ever hear of more inane reasoning? Why, surely the lesser the population the greater need to help the incumbent since there are few people to support them.

If only we were a Church organ!

NURSERY RHYMES.—VI.

"Ba, Ba Crœsus, have you any cash?
No, sir. No, sir. Trade's gone smash.
What with the taxes and what with the rates,
Things are simply rotten with us poor magnates."

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating in a report of an inquest that "Everything depended upon the evidence of the man who died yesterday. What could he say?"

THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For causing the following inscription to be engraved on a clock presented to its Hon. Sec.:—"Presented to Jas. A. Macfarlane from the Cumbrae Unionists, for services rendered, on the occasion of his marriage.—March 25th, 1909."
THE CUMBRAE UNIONIST ASSOCIATION
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, "There have been SIX *aged people of Albrighton called to that bourne whence no traveller returns, whose united ages aggregate* 600 *years. The youngest of these patriarchs was* 71 *and the oldest* 87 *years of age."*
THE WOLVERHAMPTON CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For causing the following to be inserted: "Lady offers home to gentleman, separate bedroom."
AN ADVERTISER IN *THE YORKSHIRE EVENING POST*
TAKES THE BISCUIT

For stating in a report of the Oxford Crew's practice: "They started off at 32 *strokes to the minute and then dropped to* 50."
LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising on a large notice-board as the subject of a sermon, "IS THERE A HELL?" *and immediately underneath,* "VISITORS HEARTILY INVITED."
THE AUTHORITIES OF MARLBOROUGH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating (as reported in the "Daily Express") that "If Christmas-day does not fall on a Sunday OR GOOD FRIDAY, *there is nothing in the Act to prevent a licensee opening on that day."*
THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For asking the following question in a Scotch Court of Law: "Did you HEAR *Baillie Anderson put up his hand?"*
MR. W. F. ANDERSON (A GLASGOW TOWN COUNCILLOR)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a letter to the "Morning Leader" that "One of the most important points is the compulsory medical examination of every body before DEATH."
A MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF PREMATURE BURIAL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating when giving evidence, "I saw the prisoner being REJECTED *from a public-house, and as there was a warrant out for his* EXISTENCE, *I took him."*
A WILLESDEN POLICE-CONSTABLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For writing to the "Standard": "By a curious coincidence the total heights of the Oxford and Cambridge crews are identical, THE AVERAGE HEIGHT *of each crew being exactly* 48 *ft.* 7½ *in."*
MR. ARTHUR ATTLEE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, when writing on the subject of the building of a new church that "a sum of about £9,000 has been spent, of which £20,000 remains to be raised."
THE BRISTOL TIMES & MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that he "claimed to know the history of the Council for the past fifteen years, and during all that time they had SQUARED *their business* AROUND *those tables."*
COUNCILLOR GRIFFITHS (OF THE RHONDDA DISTRICT COUNCIL)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE CHANCELLOR'S TASK.—I.

THE DEATH DUTIES.

By T. Hallett Fry.

It is widely recognised that the Chancellor of 1909 has one of the most difficult tasks which has ever fallen to a Chancellor. An expenditure expanding in all directions, and necessarily so expanding, has to be met. It cannot be met by natural increase of revenue arising from presently levied taxes. It is necessary either to find new sources of revenue or to grade in some way existing taxes and licenses so that the money to meet the necessary expenditure may be found. It is probable that the Government will be impelled to call in both aids, that is to say, the aid of new taxation and the aid of steeper graduation of existing levies.

The Death Duties will undoubtedly attract the attention of His Majesty's financial advisers. Since 1894, there has been a considerable revulsion of feeling with regard to this tax. To-day, it is felt that there is, at least, some measure of justice in the imposition. Unfortunately, however, its revenue-getting capacity is not illimitable. There are well-recognised methods of evasion, and inasmuch as the propertied person is seldom possessed of over-anxiety for the reputation of Chancellors to come he is ill-prepared to satisfy their natural longings for revenue if he may by easy means evade a portion of the demand. It is unnecessary to enumerate the methods of evasion. It would, at any rate, be unreasonable to suggest some by which the Treasury is illegally deprived of additional revenue. But it may be stated unhesitatingly that a *properly graded tax* will not drive much capital into evasion, and it is improbable that the bulk of well-to-do Englishmen will make such dispositions in their lifetime as will prevent the Exchequer reaping the benefit at death. Obvious and many are the dangers attendant upon such settlements, and obvious and many are the reasons which should cause the wealthy to retain the property in, and the possession of, the capital which has descended to, or afterwards been acquired by, them.

Now there are not wanting good arguments for the retention of the Death Duty scale, and even for improving it by more careful gradation, by more reasonable taxation of very small estates, and by charging somewhat more heavily the possessors of the largest estates. The present scale is too jumpy. It proceeds first of all by steps of 1 per cent. when dealing with the smallest estates and afterwards by steps of ½ per cent. when dealing with those of comparatively wealthy persons. Again, at £150,000, we jump on 1 per cent. at the time. This too steep gradation is an incentive to evasion of some portion of the burden which might be expected to fall on the estate. Such evasion may, it is contended, be avoided by more careful settlement of the scale. The existing rates number seventeen, and upon estates exceeding one million pounds sterling two rates are imposed—one appertaining to the first million pounds, another to the remainder of the estate. So, in fact, there are twenty-two different rates. But the number of rates is not a matter of real importance. It is not as though we were deducting a tax at the source and so rendering necessary a great amount of subsequent adjustment. The tax is levied when the amount of the estate is known, and it is perfectly simple whether we have ten grades, twenty grades, or thirty grades, to determine the exact sum payable to the Exchequer. In view of the facts, first of all, that the number of rates does not materially affect the ease of collection; secondly, that by increasing the number the scale can be made to apply more equitably and evenly; and, thirdly, that, by an elongation of the scale, further revenue may be collected without fear of any increase of evasion, a scale is set forth hereunder which will give, and equitably give, additional revenue of sufficient amount to warrant the change.

This scale will produce an extra revenue, if the future factor of evasion is similarly proportioned to that of to-day, of £1,350,000. This extra yield, at least, it is reasonable to expect, as the careful grading of the tax will, it is contended, cause less, not more evasion than heretofore. With steps of £1 per cent. ruling, evasion obviously will be somewhat rampant. In the suggested scale the grading is in 10s. steps only, until we reach the enormous figure of £1,750,000. From this figure alone is the grading by one per cent. steps. In the old scale from estates of £100 up to estates of £25,000 the grading leapt onwards by £1 per cent. at a time, and, again, on all estates exceeding £150,000 the grading was similarly steep. Such leaps induced invasion, and, it is submitted, that, although the rate of duty does reach 20 per cent. on estates which exceed five millions sterling, yet, owing to the more rational treatment of the smaller people and to the more gradual rise throughout the scale, evasion will be much less rampant than heretofore :—

Net Value of Estate.		Rate of duty per cent.	Old Scale per cent.
Exceeds £	*Does not exceed* £		
100	500	½	1
500	1,000	1	2
1,000	2,500	1½	3
2,500	5,000	2	3
5,000	7,500	2½	3
7,500	10,000	3	3
10,000	15,000	3½	4
15,000	20,000	4	4
20,000	25,000	4½	4
25,000	50,000	5	4½
50,000	75,000	5½	5
75,000	100,000	6	5½
100,000	150,000	6½	6
150,000	200,000	7	7
200,000	250,000	7½	7
250,000	300,000	8	8
300,000	350,000	8½	8
350,000	400,000	9	8
400,000	450,000	9½	8
450,000	500,000	10	8
500,000	600,000	10½	9
600,000	700,000	11	9
700,000	800,000	11½	9
800,000	900,000	12	10
900,000	1,000,000	12½	10
1,000,000	1,250,000	13	10 & 11
1,250,000	1,500,000	13½	10 & 11
1,500,000	1,750,000	14	10 & 12
1,750,000	2,000,000	15	10 & 12
2,000,000	2,500,000	16	10 & 13
2,500,000	3,000,000	17	10 & 14
3,000,000	4,000,000	18	10 & 15
4,000,000	5,000,000	19	10 & 15
Over 5,000,000	——	20	10 & 15

In the cases of double rates, the former applies to the first million pounds, the latter to the balance of the estate.

The natural needs of the nation increase owing to the more advanced notions we hold to-day as to the advisability, nay necessity, of educating, and, in some measure, maintaining those born into this country. Revenue must be found, and in dealing with wealthy persons it is desirable to take of them when the disposition affects them least. The Death Duties fall almost entirely on Income Tax-payers. Thus it is necessary, inasmuch as they form but 2½ per cent. of the population of the country, not to oppress them unduly. The Death Duties are, in reality, a super income tax. In so far as revenue must be supplied by the wealthier classes it is submitted that taxation can most easily be borne when estates pass from the dead hand. Then, the State is fairly entitled to say what toll it shall demand for giving a permission to a successor to take up the effects of a predecessor. Whilst the testator lived he enjoyed innumerable advantages. Without the inestimable advantages conferred by our legal and police system he would have been unable to accumulate at all. His life would have passed in defending such property as he had, and only by a strong arm would he have maintained himself against his enemies and against the despoilers of private property. Had he lived under some other systems of law, accumulation and even retention of property would have been impossible. A great debt is owed to the State for the measure of protection which it affords the property-owner, and that taxation which would be oppressive and repressive if applied to the earner whilst earning, and which would tend to prevent accumulation on the one hand and employment on the other, is equitable enough, in view of State necessity, when imposed on passing property. Then it is that the predecessor only feels the impost vicariously; then it is that the successor only feels it by receiving less. The latter has no inherent and indefeasible right to receive, but only that right of reception which is permitted him by the State—the *ultimus heres*.

"THE THIRD FLOOR BACK."

By John Carter.

It is characteristic of the nicer-minded section of society that, while it does its utmost to suppress such harmless people as the Suffragettes and Father Bernard Shaw, it allows the "Third Floor Back" to blight the manhood of of our country, unchallenged.

I may say that I have not seen this play, but my brother went the other evening, since when he has gone about with a quiet, foolish sort of smile on his face, and has done many remarkable things. That night I waited up to hear his account of the play, and when he came in I had an easy chair ready for him and his glass waiting, and my brass tobacco box invitingly open. With a sad wag of his head he refused these comforts, and after making some mysterious remarks about "the profit he had received" from the "Third Floor Back," off he went to bed, leaving me prostrate with alarm. You see, James had never before refused to take his whisky-and-soda, nor indeed, had he ever objected to helping himself to my tobacco; he was not that kind of man. I sat just as he had left me for some minutes. I felt that it was my duty to follow and see him safe in bed, but I couldn't bring myself to face that awful gaze, so I put out the cat, locked up, and went to bed.

In the morning when James came down, he seemed much as usual, and I had forgotten the matter. The first time he struck me as being strange in his actions was when he apologised to my wife for treading on her foot. That was as we took our places for breakfast, and it brought back the scene of the night before. James always serves the fish, and that morning he put so much on my plate that I really thought it was not quite fresh. He asked Amelia to give him only very weak tea, and pressed me to take the odd piece of muffin—for which, usually, there is a scramble—and all the time he wore a soft, glad smile. However, that smile disappeared suddenly, and he began to pace up and down with his hands clenched behind him. His agony was painful to behold, and I decided that I ought to do something. Quietly I went up to him and touched his arm, and in the kind of whisper you use in church, I asked him if he was in trouble. He handed me a tailor's bill, and said, "Not on my own account, dear James, but when I think of the pain I have given poor Dobson, I feel I cannot make sufficient amends. And to think," he added, "that before I saw that sweet play I felt no responsibility!" I noticed that the bill was only eighteen months old, and tried to cheer him up on that account, but James would not be comforted, and in the end he made a sort of compromise by borrowing the ten pounds odd from me. This seemed to draw us closer than we had been for years, and, in the course of our Sunday morning stroll he confided in me. "The Third Floor Back," he told me, had opened his eyes, and he was no longer content to live solely for self. "Do as you would be done by" was his motto, and to do kind actions without thinking of any return, was but the duty of every man. I began to feel dubious about my ten pounds, and James, mistaking my pained expression for change of heart, gripped my hand in silence, and we went on.

A little later an old crossing sweeper touched his hat, and James pulled up in front of him and surveyed him compassionately. The old man had begun to feel uneasy, and look about for a way of escape, when James addressed him. "You poor old man," he said at last; "here are five shillings," and he felt in his pocket for them. Evidently he had left his purse on the dressing table, for he turned and asked me to lend him the money, which, on account of the steadily increasing crowd, I eagerly did.

We had not gone much farther when we met a woman with two children dragging at her skirts, and several more in a three-wheeled perambulator, and all of them helping her to sing a hymn. I tried to get James past by pointing out a figure which I declared to be that of the German Emperor, but my unfortunate brother would not hear me. He made straight for that maimed perambulator, and with old world grace he raised his hat. "Madam," said he, "I fear you are in trouble. Let me assist you. You have no fire? No food? Ah! I guessed as much. But here is a sovereign, which will afford you temporary relief, and I will let you have more later." He had been hunting through his pockets, and now he remembered that he had no money, and turned to me. If anyone should disapprove of my next action, I plead that I am not a rich man. It was entirely James' affair how many sovereigns he gave away, but I felt it my duty to see that I did not provide them, and that is why I climbed on to that passing 'bus. James never told me how he concluded that interview, and I never mentioned the matter.

But James has been seeking trouble ever since he got in the grip of that wicked play. The next day, at the office, he hit on the idea of offering to help the other fellows with their work any day they wanted to leave early. At first they all refused, naturally suspecting a profession of altruism from James, but as the day went on, one after another explained that he would be glad to accept James' kind offer, since he had, strange to say, an important engagement for that particular night. And so James nobly grappled with the leavings of the whole eight, and got home about four next morning. This seemed to me to be a much more satisfactory way of practising self-denial than that of giving away other people's money, and I believe I made a point of remarking this to James.

Only last evening when I went to dress to take Amelia to the theatre (No, thanks! Not "The Third Floor Back"), I failed to find my clothes, and in the end went up to James' room to borrow some of his. When I told him that I had searched for half-an-hour, he seemed to be quite sorry, and said it was a pity he hadn't known before, but he had sold both his own dress clothes and mine to get some money for that poor woman we had met on Sunday. Dress clothes, he told me, were a delusion and a snare, and I was to thank Providence that mine had gone to feed the hungry. No, I was not angry, but rather urged him to let me put him to bed and get a good doctor; but he gave me one of his more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger looks, and I crept away.

James has done many such things, and he capped the lot this morning by releasing my wife's canary. My poor Amelia was just in time to see a neighbour's cat pick it off the area railings—and now she tells me I must choose between her and James.

THE TRITE TROUSERS.

(A woman's skirt, no matter how badly cut, will always be a thing of greater artistic worth than that garment which varies in shape from the flowing lines suggestive of a Jack Tar to the skimpiness beloved of a groom.—*A lady correspondent in "The Tatler."*)

Fair scribe, from whose satiric squirt
  Even our pantaloons have "copped it"—
We bow before the shapely skirt,
  But fate forbids us to adopt it.
No man, in this respect, would dare
  With custom to be contumacious,
Except in Caledonia, where
  Convention is a shade more spacious.

So when our trousers you traduce,
  We say that those—when broad and baggy—
Are of distinct artistic use
  To him whose shanks are somewhat scraggy;
Whereas the others you revile—
  Those which in grooms arouse a passion—
Are scarce so skimpy as the style
  That Adam first brought into fashion.

Besides—oh you whose fiery founts
  Are spent on these inspiring issues—
We skirtless ones have bank accounts
  And very vulnerable tissues;
So please emit some sparks of tact
  When next you fire your pretty rockets—
Paying attention to the fact
  That trousers have such things as pockets!

A. G. M.

INCOME-TAX AND THE BUDGET.

Mr. T. Hallett Fry runs Mr. Chiozza Money close in his mastery of the statistics connected with public income and expenditure—although he makes rather a speciality of the income-tax portion of our national revenue. He has just published a little book, entitled "The Income-tax Incubus and the Budget," which can be obtained for 1s. from Mr. Horace Cox, *Law Times* Office, Breams Buildings, London, and we advise all readers interested in the problem of the forthcoming Budget to secure a copy of the work.

THE POST OFFICE AND ITS MEN.

THE CASE OF A. C. CARELESS, EX-SORTER.

Below we publish a letter which we venture to say deserves, as we hope it will receive, the most careful consideration of the Postmaster-General. It will be observed that the writer, who was for sixteen years a sorter in the London Postal Service, says that he has been wrongfully dismissed upon an accusation of stealing certain postal orders from a post letter which had been entrusted to him for sorting. That is the official explanation of his dismissal, and it is needless to say that a statement of that kind places the most serious obstacles in the way of the man being able to earn a living for himself and his family. And yet there is ample reason to believe that Careless—the man in question—is innocent of all offence, that he has been most cruelly punished, dismissed the service, and ruined for life, upon the flimsiest evidence, upon evidence that the Post Office authorities themselves now admit to be unconvincing.

We do not lay much stress upon the fact that the man's house was searched and nothing found there that did not belong to him. What strikes us is first that the Post Office authorities have refused to bring the man to trial, and next that they have returned to him the 8s. 6d. which they originally deducted from his wages on the ground that it was the amount of the theft for which he was discharged.

Why did the postal authorities refuse to bring Careless to trial? We can understand that in kindness to him, in recollection of his sixteen years of good and faithful service, they might stay their hand and consider dismissal a sufficient punishment for this theft of 8s. 6d. But it is a very different matter when the accused, who is only dismissed upon suspicion, demands that he shall be charged before a public tribunal where he can have an opportunity of proving either that he is innocent or that the Post Office had no good ground for the suspicion of his guilt. It is very seldom that a man challenges procedure of this kind if he is guilty, but, whether or not, we hold that it was the right of Careless if he desired it to be taken before Judge and Jury and to be tried for the offence he denies. Then, again, if the Post Office authorities now believe that the man stole the 8s. 6d., why have they returned the money to him? Their action in so doing is inconsistent—is irreconcilable—with the theory of their belief in his guilt. If he stole the money he stole it from the State, and it was the bounden duty of the State to recoup itself from any moneys due to him that might be in its possession. If the authorities have returned this 8s. 6d., the only possible explanation is that they have arrived at the conclusion either that he is innocent or that it is not clear that he is guilty, and if that be so the refusal to admit their mistake, or to allow him to go before a Court of Law, is a refusal for which we can imagine no possible justification.

The letter we have received from Careless—A. C. Careless, Tower Hill, Bidford, R.S.O., Warwick—is dated March 10, 1909. It runs:—

> I was for 16 years a sorter (*good conduct service*) in the London Postal Service, when I was charged with stealing and cashing postal orders value 8s. 6d. I and my home were searched, but only my own property was found.
>
> I was suspended from duty 5 weeks, *then dismissed, the value of the stolen orders*, 8s. 6d., was deducted from my wages, and the following is my character given me by P.O.:—
>
> "Identified as person who cashed certain postal orders enclosed in a post letter which had failed to reach its owner, and with which he would have had an opportunity of dealing."
>
> I may say with such a character it is almost impossible for me to obtain sufficient money to keep my wife and four in family.
>
> I demanded to be tried in order that I might prove I am innocent. This the P.O. refused to do. After keeping the 8s. 6d. (*the value of stolen orders*) for 15 months, this was returned. If the P.O. had a case against me why am I not prosecuted, and why return the 8s. 6d.? I am now trying through Petition of Right to proceed, but although I do exactly as required by Petition of Right Act, 1868, the Attorney-General will not endorse my case. Let right be done. I state a case against the Crown, and can prove it, yet I am not allowed to proceed, and no reason is stated, neither can I obtain one. I may mention that Petition of Right is the only course open to me. I should like to state that at the present time Captain M. Kincaid Smith, M.P., has my case in hand, and I thought perhaps you might be able to assist him in this matter. If I am not allowed to proceed the Press is my only remedy.
>
> My case is now a public scandal, as no man in the Postal Service is safe to-day, no matter how many years of faithful service he has done. I walk my country branded a thief, without trial by judge or jury.
>
> Mr. Cheesman, of the Fawcett Association, 55, Doughty Street, London, W.C., has the whole of the papers connected with my case, and if you would be good enough to write and ask him to call and see you, Sir, he will produce facts that will surprise you, and I am sure you will say a case like it could not happen in England.
>
> Of course, Sir, the whole of the papers would be in your hands, but they are provable facts, and if you can assist me, you will have the blessings of the whole of the English Post Office.

It will be noted that the writer refers us to Mr. Cheesman, of the Fawcett Association, and we wrote to that gentleman asking him if he could confirm the statements referred to in the above letter. Here is his reply, dated from 55, Doughty Street, W.C., March 26th, 1909. We agree with Mr. Cheesman, and we think our readers will agree with him too:—

> In reply to your letter of yesterday's date, regarding the case of Mr. A. C. Careless, late of the General Post Office, I should say it is one of the greatest scandals connected with Post Office administration; the facts regarding his dismissal are as you state them. He has been refused prosecution; we were told by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in reply to a question in the House, that his remedy was by Petition of Right. This has been presented and refused, notwithstanding the Attorney-General, Sir W. Robson, who, I believe, decides whether such Petitions shall be allowed or not, has more than once declared his belief that Mr. Careless is an innocent man—but this was when he was not in office, and that appears to make all the difference.
>
> The decision in this case is a standing menace to the entire postal service—it cannot be proven, even, that the letter containing the P.O. ever passed through the office in which the man was employed—yet he is dismissed on suspicion, and despite immediate and thorough search of his home, his person and office locker, nothing of a compromising nature can be found. No man is safe while the decision stands, and I shall be pleased to give any assistance in my power to obtain justice for Mr. Careless.

Mr. Buxton is well known to be a man incapable of doing conscious injustice to anyone, but he is at the head of a great department, and it is inevitable that he should rely upon subordinates to deal with many such cases as the one we are now considering, but since the matter is now again brought to his attention, we hope, we will almost say we believe, that he will look into it himself, and that he will do what is right and necessary to right what seems to us to be a most cruel wrong done to a worthy man.

WORKING THE PENSIONS ACT.

A Sheffield reader sends us the following:—

I am sending you an example of what our large East End works are doing for the old men that have left their employ and been pensioned off. This old man worked for the firm over 40 years, and kept to it till he was 79 years of age; they pensioned him off then at 3s. per week. In December they sent him the letter a copy of which I enclose.

And this is the letter to which our correspondent refers:—

> John Brown and Co., Ltd.,
> Atlas Steel and Iron Works, Sheffield.
> December 30th, 1908.
>
> Dear Sir,—You will be aware that an Act of Parliament has been recently passed granting State pensions under certain conditions to persons who have become 70 years old.
>
> In view of the Act of Parliament, and the fact that this company, along with other taxpayers, has to bear its share of cost in providing such pensions, the directors find it necessary to revise the allowance hitherto made to you and others by the company.
>
> Under these circumstances, I have to inform you that, as you have attained the age of 70 and are therefore entitled to a State pension, the company's voluntary allowance will cease to you after the payment this week. If you have not applied for a State pension you should therefore make immediate application to the nearest post-office.
>
> At the same time, I am desired to say that the directors do not wish your present income to be reduced, and, on hearing from you the amount of your State pension, will consider your special case.
>
> If you have already made application, I shall be glad to hear the result.—Yours faithfully,
>
> E. Middleton, Secretary.

THE UNWILLING CLIMBER.

(A STRONG ANTI-SOCIALIST TALE.)

By Paul Elgood.

The ascent was begun rather eagerly; Nature, for her own ends, blindfolds youth with hope. A shower of promises rained on his send-off, and no warning voice nipped that swelling joy. James, the young climber, was to do great things, and suffer no heartaches. His aim must be to push his way to the forefront of existence, over how many broken hearts was no concern of his.

So he started elated. Many a time had he been a competitor in play; now was he one in grim earnest. Austerity, tempered with toleration, met his frank, generous smiles at the outset, casting him in on himself, and teaching him that each player had his own goal to make. So he worked long and heartily to win appreciation. But he never did enough. His worth was much below what he received. James was a lad of spirit, and earnestly sought to wipe out this stain.

Into his climbing he put all the vigour of youth, doing as much as any adult climber. Then came his temptation, the first great sin of his industrial life. His labour-master, finding him competent to take a man's place, offered him one at a little more than the boy's pay. He took it, hopeful, the man whose place he filled being cut adrift on the hillside.

James had heard of brotherhood, especially at Sunday-schools; it was explained to him as something ideally beautiful, but hardly practicable. He wondered why the idea was left to bother the sane minds of men. Having his future to think of, however, he could not waste time pondering romantic theories. His master's approving smiles were on him; he was helping him up the hill in easy stages. A promising young man was he; presently he would have his reward.

And it came. James saw he was worth more, and grumbled. But his employer bade him turn round, and see the army of still younger workers pressing upward. He gave him a few more shillings begrudgingly, warning him to be satisfied. But he could not, and kept on complaining, till another was beckoned up into his place at a less wage. Then he had time to look into the meaning of brotherhood.

With youth on his side, his services were again accepted, this time at a fair wage. It gave him just enough to live respectably. But he was now among the strong, able climbers, that watched each other jealously—a mighty jostling throng of tame wolves tethered in a team, taking others up the hill in easy stages.

It was now that another climber crossed his path. The team-drivers told him the woman was his companion, brought to him by Fate. Pessimists warned him to put no faith in such idle dreams; that those others only wanted supplies kept up for their worn-out teams. The bandage of hope, slightly torn, was still before James's eyes; he needed a companion, so the man who kept alive the idea of brotherhood for the sake of its poetic passion gave them permission to climb together.

Soon it became trying for him. Alone James had never felt the exertion, but with Mary dragging on to him it was painfully different. He had to pay more for shelter at night, more for fire, food, and raiment. Parasites, feigning an interest in his well-being, fastened on to him. He expected to hear his master say, "James, you've now started to enrich labour's great team, you need more money. I'll sometimes walk up the hill myself, so that I can give you more." Never was it said. James timidly suggested it; the idea was preposterous in a world overburdened with mankind. At length, he dared to remonstrate. The easiest way out of the difficulty was for him to go and earn a married man's bounty where it could be obtained. Another was beckoned to his place, and James was set loose from the team.

Brotherhood! After all, there was something in the obsolete idea. That unconquered brute in man needed some restraint. This time he experienced greater difficulty in finding a vacant place. He had his own and his wife's life to sustain—an imperative necessity, so the labour-masters could make their own bargains. It was acceptance or starvation; he saw with apprehension the eager press of climbers coming up, and once more tethered himself to the great car of luxury. Then his fire was never large enough, nor his dinner, nor his shelter. Economics ruled the whole hillside, and scoffed at humanity's needs. A little flower, growing everywhere on the hill, had once magical qualities in it, when it was cultivated out of sheer love, but never since it was surrounded by the jostling, hungry crowd to hireling gardeners. James often glanced at it wistfully, but no more, for everyone was fighting for the easiest path for himself, and trying to drive his neighbour into the roughest.

Two little climbers resulted from his union with Mary—Lucy and Jack—additional burdens on the disappointed climber, but sources of much love and joy. But now he needed higher remuneration than ever. Economics, however, barred the way to obtaining it.

By-and-bye, Mary began to hang heavier on his strong arm. The climbing with never a refreshing rest, or a single easy stage, tried her endurance. "Better times are coming," James would whisper in her ear. Sometimes amid the glare of electric lights, amid the dazzle of silver, and scintillations of diamonds, he saw the team-owners dining. He marked the powdered footmen, the costly dresses of the womenfolk, and the eight-course dinner, and puzzled over the word *economy*, and tried to work out a little system of his own, giving better results, but abandoned the task in despair, and went home to divide his pound of boiled bacon among his family.

But one morning one less burden weighed on his willing shoulders. Mary was dead, died of heart failure, caused by insufficient nourishment. The doctor told him so with a reprehensive frown. It was his duty to have seen to it; so it was, but he was honest.

He looked round for a place to bury his dead companion. Plenty of unoccupied ground lay around, but he had to cram her into the one hole opened daily for the other dead climbers. Even for that a fee was charged, the gardener that tended the useless little flowers, hurriedly said a few words about a future great exodus of dead people, and Mary was left to sleep calmly there till the jostle of the resurrection came.

The press of the climbers, coming up behind, often taxed his energies. Whenever he glanced back, he saw wild, famished eyes glaring at him enviously. The sight of his youngsters clasped to his heart could not mitigate the cruel press, for they themselves, like him, were driven on by resistless poverty. Pity was latent in their hearts, but behind them swelled the cry, *Sacrifice or be sacrificed!* At last the loving father and valiant worker faltered, stopped awhile, and for ever lost his place.

One day he heard Lucy's voice calling to him plaintively from below. She told him she was unable to come further, so he went back to help her up. She had slipped on the hard stones on the way, and the accident had deprived her of sight. He gave her his feeble arm, and turned to the hill once more with fortified courage.

But he was out of his place. Strong, young men were all around him, brave, pitiful men with tenderness in their hearts, but they could pay no heed to the unfortunate pair. All that they could think of was keeping pace with their competitors. James had now no chance among those stalwart climbers. He was glad to take what he could get for the blind daughter's sake. The team-owners marked his plight, and made capital out of it. He put forth strenuous efforts to regain his old place, but it was impossible with the blind girl clinging to him.

Despair gradually fastened round his heart. His faltering steps were outpaced, and he was often forced to go hungry to feed the blind girl. Only give him fair play, and he could hold his own! But his plea was heard with derision, sometimes with cruel scoffs. But he still kept going on, dragging Lucy with him. "Oh, dad, I can't go much farther," was often her cry. Must he leave her behind in loneliness and want to the mercy of passers-by, who could spare a crust from their own scanty wallet?

He was growing sick of the luckless climb. His feet were sore, his heart torn, and beyond were only the black, uninviting clouds, into which she might not go with him. Come what may, he would have a rest, so that Lucy might sit and listen all day to the birds, and soft winds, away from the horrid sounds of struggling climbers. So he strayed into a lonely byway, leading Lucy by the hand. The perfume of the neglected little flowers rose sweetly to their nostrils. Never were they so happy before, and the pathway felt velvety beneath their feet. Night descended on them, but they still groped on, till, straying into the voiceless morasses, they sank together there into the long silence.

THE ROMANCER.

By X.

He was a miserable specimen of manhood, mud-bedraggled and shabby. His boots were down at heel and emitted a pathetic squelch each time they touched the wet pavement. He saluted me respectfully, almost deferentially, with the time-honoured request for a light.

"Wet, ain't it?" he solicited, as he puffed spasmodically at a short clay.

I assented. He fell in step beside me, his boots playing a dismal monotone in the slush.

"Bad for trade?" I queried, to break the silence.

"Durned rough on the farmers," he replied.

"You are a farmer?"

"No, I'm a failure."

He spoke without any bitterness or sorrow, rather with apathy, as one who believes in the finality of fate.

"No man is an utter failure," I said in consolation. I thought of the words of the writer who said that even if a man left no visible mark behind him on the sands of mortal life, he still had played his part in the drama of destiny. The biggest wastrel was as essential to the Creation as the greatest pundit.

"You're wrong, guv'nor—if a man's missed 'is callin, 'e's a failure." The old excuse since the days of the deluge.

"And you missed yours?"

The man nodded. "Yes—I ought to 'a' bin a writer—a romancer—I knew it directly me fawther thrashed me for mee fust lie—It was a good un." He smiled wanly at the remembrance—whether of the lie, or its consequent punishment, I remained in ignorance.

"Why didn't you take to writing?" I queried.

"Force o' circumstances. If I 'adn't lied so much at 'ome I wouldn't 'ave got thrashed so often—and if I 'adn't found so many thrashings cum my way, I shouldn't 'ave run away to jine the Army."

"The Army?" I looked at the slouching figure in astonishment. The effects of drill were not openly displayed on his figure. He nodded and expectorated into the road to give greater force to his remark.

"Seen service?"

"Yes," he replied. "Under Kitchener at Atbara."

"Then perhaps you saw the wrecking of the Mahmoud's tomb?" I asked innocently.

"The Mahdi's tomb, guv'nor," he answered, in the tone of one who feels aggrieved.

"Pardon," I murmured apologetically. "A slip on my part." We neared a public house. "Will you come in?" I invited him at the entrance to the saloon bar.

"Not there, guv'nor. The public's good enough for me." We entered the public bar, an institution I consider to be a beneficence, since it keeps the saloon free from a class of undesirables that would otherwise monopolise it. Over a pint of beer my guest waxed eloquent.

"Do I remember the campaign?" he replied to my query, "I should just think I do. The 'orrors of the battle are summing awful, you can't nivir forgit 'em. There's times when I wakes up of a night in a cold sweat, not daring to move, case I should run my carcus 'gainst the spear o' one of thim bloomin' 'arf-bred niggers." He took a long draught. "I was in the 4th Rutlands. We was sent by the old man to outflank the cusses. Gawd! it was a job, too. Couldn't see for the darnation smoke and sand blown into our fices—and, talk abawt fight! why lumme, a Tommy ain't in it with one o' them blinking Dervishes. 'Ere, there and everywhere—cutting, slashing, and a swearing summin' awful. I know'd a bit abawt their lingo, and the langwidge they used—the English ain't got cuss words that come near 'em. Ain't got no fear o' death neither." He nodded parenthetically with wide open eyes, then took another copious draught to assist his memory.

"We 'ad to crawss what they call a patch o' halfa grawss, and then slip along a good 'arf mile o' yellow sand, simply blistering from the 'eat. Know'd a thing or two, them blighters: let us get acrawss the halfa grawss all right—pretended they didn't see us like, and all the time they were a-watching us aht o' the corners o' their wicked eyes. Directly we got well on to that sandy stuff—what 'o!

"The next hour was a picnic. Three thousand of 'em right in the middle o' our little lot afore we knewed where we was. No manners them fellers—didn't drop us a line to say they was coming, yer bet yer last stiver. No, they simply came a 'ollering like a lot 'er kids let loose from school. A reg'lar rough and tumble it was. Four times we charged 'em—four times the beggars druv us back. Then the old man sent word we was to git through some'ow—an' we did. There was four of us slashed a path, and the others follered—thin end of the wedge like, we was. My! an' we didn't 'arf 'ave to fight. We kep' a slashing and a cutting at the men all rawnd us, and a 'ollering to let one another know where we was. Enough to make one fair giddy—them white flowing things—drapery I suppose you'd call 'em—dancing rawnd us; and each o' thim bits o' muslin 'eld an ugly divil of a nigger, and each o' them capering niggers 'eld a long jagged spear, which meant a slow pineful death, and a nawsty bit o'sawing into the bargin. Yer don't wonder we looked slippy and minded where we was a treadin'. But we did 'em, though." He looked up with a glance of pride. "An' we got our reward."

"A mention?" I queried.

"A mention!" he spoke in a withering tone of pity at my ignorance. "No. We was brought up before the 'ole lot o'troops just afore that bloke Mahmoud was to march by with the banner in front of 'im like a bloomin' Salvation Army."

"Ah," I said, waiting expectantly.

"And the commander—Kitchener," he added to enlighten me, "spoke to us four, in front of thim Dervishes an' all—the 'ole bloomin' bag-o'-tricks. 'I'm proud to shake 'ands with yer,' he ses—an' 'e did. 'E didn't mind dirtying 'isself with the blood, nor nothing. An' he was in a stite, 'You're the men that mikes 'istory.' My eye, I didn't 'alf feel prawd."

"You must have done." I spoke in a callous tone; I felt I was hearing an unauthenticated and doubtful piece of English history.

"An' you should jist 'ave 'eard thim boys cheer," continued the narrator.

"I can't imagine what it must have been like," I replied, for I had dim recollections of the stern, impassive character Kitchener was said to bear.

"And even thim niggers seemed to appreciate our efforts."

"Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer," I murmured. My guest looked at me suspiciously.

"What?" he said in a husky questioning voice.

"A piece of poetry written on an ancient battle that fits in very appositely with your tale of heroism." I did not tell him in what way.

"I don't 'old with poetry," he replied. "Or'nary writin's good enough for me." I concurred.

"How was it you left the army?" I asked.

"Malaria," he replied. "It's something shocking out there; the thirst it gives you." His eyes took a wayward longing glance at his empty pewter. I interpreted the hint, and beckoned to the barmaid. "Thank 'ee," he murmured, half shamefacedly. There are some men in whom pride is never quite exorcised, however degraded a level it may reach.

With a brief good-night I left him drinking the second pint, and walking up the street fell to thinking of the scanty reward some men receive for their strenuous labours. In a little over an hour's time business brought me past the public house again. There was a crowd outside the door: that heterogeneous assemblage of social flotsam that suddenly gathers apparently from nowhere at the slightest suggestion of a breach of the peace. In the centre I could discern the helmet of a policeman.

As I passed by I heard a voice raised in aggrieved remonstrance. "'E needn't 'ave listened. I was only tellin' 'im the story of my life—I didn't ask 'im for nuthink." I knew the voice and pressed nearer. It was the mendicant who had shared my hospitality and told me, in return, the wondrous tale of Atbara. By his side was a mild-looking old gentleman, excitedly expostulating with the policeman.

"He told me he had fought under Roberts in India, constable. Described the march to Khandahar. All lies. The most damnable lies—I was there myself."

The officer assumed the role of pacifier. "Don't you take no notice of him, sir. It's a sort of mania he's got—he's fought under every blooming general of the last hundred years."

"But, constable," said the old gentleman, tugging at his coat-tails.

"Move along, uncle," said the man good-naturedly to my guest, "and mind you be a bit more careful in future. You copped a red-hot chestnut that time." He turned to the collected crowd, and in strident tones dispersed them.

"That man seems to be an old offender," I said. The policeman grinned and nodded affirmatively.

"He's a marvel—where he gets his knowledge from beats me. He's always telling the story of some battle or other he's fought in, if he thinks he can get some mug to give him a drink. And the nearest he's been to any front is the front of Wonderland in the Whitechapel Road."

I turned away. My mendacious guest was right—he had most assuredly missed his vocation.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE BOTTOMLEY CASE.—III.

(FROM "BOTTOMLEY'S BOOK.")

(Commenced in issue of March 27th.)

Solicitors Reproved by the Law Society.

I at once reported the conduct of Carter and Bell to the Law Society, who, having enquired into the matter, wrote me the following letter:—

Law Society's Hall,
Chancery Lane, London, W.C.
4th February, 1908.

Sir,—I am instructed by the Council to inform you that they have considered your letter of the 23rd November, in which you call attention to the action of Messrs. Carter and Bell with respect to your Public Examination in connection with the liquidation of a Company, and they have also communicated with Messrs. Carter and Bell upon the subject, and have received their explanation.

The Council are of opinion that the Order giving permission to Messrs. Carter and Bell's Clients to attend by Counsel the proceedings upon the enquiry into the affairs of the Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation, Limited, was improperly described as an "Order" to attend such proceedings, and that such mis-description constituted an offence against the Court, which you state has already been dealt with on your initiative.

The Council are further of opinion that while a mis-description of this character was in itself blameworthy, however unimportant in its results, it did not amount to such a breach of professional duty as would justify them in taking any action, beyond the above expression of opinion.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
S. B. Bucknill.
Assistant Secretary.

Horatio Bottomley, Esq., M.P.

The Examination.

I will not dwell upon the Examination itself. It lasted five days, two of which were occupied by Avory in a cross-examination which I trust he enjoyed as much as I did. In the course of the proceedings all the charges which were the subject of the recent prosecution were raked up, together with others which the Treasury apparently decided subsequently to drop. When, on November 5th, at the end of the Examination, I was asked whether I wished an adjournment for the purpose of re-examination, my reply was that the best thing would be to throw all the books and papers on a bonfire and put an end to the whole farce!

Challenging an Issue.

The Examination over, I decided to give the Official Receiver an early opportunity of justifying his charges, and accordingly I issued a writ against him for libel. All he had to do was to put in a simple defence, alleging the truth of his allegations, and, had he succeeded, the case for a criminal prosecution would have been complete. Instead of adopting this course, however, he pleaded "privilege," with the result that the action had to be discontinued.

Rumours Revived.

A few months elapsed, during which the notes of my Examination were submitted to Treasury Counsel, including Sir Charles Mathews, who at this time had not been appointed Public Prosecutor. Again I was kept informed of all that was proceeding, and I happen to know the views which were then expressed by these learned gentlemen. At any rate, they did not result in any very definite action, but, as the time for the re-assembling of Parliament came round, certain information reached me which led me to put the following paragraph in John Bull, under date of February 8th, 1908:—

Some very ugly and dirty work is going on behind the scenes, as the result of our recent attacks upon the Official Receiver and the Public Trustee. We shall expose the whole conspiracy next week.

In the following issue, of February 15th, I wrote:—

On consideration, we have decided to defer for the moment any further reference to the little game which is going on behind the scenes in certain official quarters, by way of retort to our recent attacks upon the Public Trustee and the Official Receiver. We prefer to give the gentlemen concerned a little more rope.

Then came the meeting of Parliament; and, in accordance with my natural "cussedness," I at once broke out as a free-lance, hitting right and left against the Government.

Again warnings reached me, and on May 23rd I wrote:—

During the past few weeks all sorts of sinister rumours have been afloat as to the Nemesis awaiting me; and I am now in a position to announce that the Government has hit upon the brilliant idea of silencing me, not through the mouths of Ministers whose broken pledges I have exposed, but by the assistance of the Public Prosecutor. It is a bold game, or cowardly one, according to the point of view from which you regard it. But it will be a bad thing for the losing side.

I went on in my reckless Parliamentary career, and on July 4th I was able to make the following announcement:—

The Treasury have now completed their enquiries into the past misdeeds of the Editor of this journal. We await the result with serenity.

Official Pressure.

Still no prosecution came. On the other hand, the Licensing Bill gave me ample opportunity to show to what extent I was prepared to sacrifice my political independence, *as I was being daily pressed to do.* Apart from "official" representations. I was urged by a prominent member of the Cabinet to abandon my hostile attitude, but all to no purpose. On Friday, November 23rd, 1908, immediately after voting against the Third Reading of the Licensing Bill, I was served with a summons—and on Friday, March 12th, 1909, just as the English Sunday Closing Bill was being read a second time, the summons was ignominiously kicked out of Court. Talk about Friday being an unlucky day!

Lips Sealed.

There is much more that I could have said here, and which, under other circumstances, I shall yet say, in regard to the secret history of this case. At the moment, my publishers are naturally handicapped by the fact that many documents and letters in my possession, not having been produced in the course of the hearing—as they would have been, had the Official Receiver or his responsible representative been called or had I myself gone into the box—are consequently not protected by law, whilst many others are of so private and confidential a character that only the exigencies of a criminal trial would justify their disclosure. But all in good time.

I may say, however, that they include the notes of a conversation between the Official Receiver's representative, Mr. Fox, and myself, towards the end of 1907, at my private chambers, when he called to inspect certain documents, and, representing all matters as finally disposed of, did me the honour of taking wine!

I will conclude this chapter with the following quotation from an article published in John Bull on November 28th last, immediately after the service of the summons. Almost the last sentence in that article, printed in italics, reads:—

"Now I prophesy that the Official Receiver will not dare to go into the witness box."

Can it be wondered that, in these circumstances, I risked the penalties of Contempt of Court by publishing in connection with the prosecution the cartoon which appeared in our issue of December 12th, 1908?

What is Your Number?

See page iii. of cover.

THE MILITARY KNIGHTS OF WINDSOR.

We haven't the remotest idea as to the meaning of the following complaint, which reaches us from Windsor; but it appears to indicate a grievance from a set of persons who are not permitted to publicly complain :—

The Ancient Order of Military (or Poor) Knights of Windsor, the oldest order of the Kingdom, seems to have fallen on evil days. Under the Dean and a Governor chosen from one of their own body as provided by the Statutes, everything progressed in an amicable manner. Over two years ago, the Dean was replaced by the Duke of Argyll and Lord Esher, and on the death of the old Governor six months elapsed before a suitable (?) outsider could be found, thus causing a breach of the Statutes.

The new man and Lord Esher have *compelled* the Knights who joined under the late Queen's Warrant, which made attendance at Church optional, to attend Chapel every Sunday and such other days as they (E. and C.) please. A distinct breach of faith.

The new man does *not* wear the uniform of the Poor Knights, but he *does* draw the pay and allowances as Knight and Governor, for which *two* posts he was duly installed; in fact, he leads the public, who, however, know better, to believe that he is not as the other men are—poor Knights—but only the Governor. Ah! Ha!! *But* as a Poor Knight drawing charity pay he is not on the voters' list. *Now*, also, these old men long retired are dragged up the staircases at the Castle as a Guard of Honour for functions to show off their Governor's Major-General's uniform.

Rumour says ill-health will cause retirement, and it is hoped the successor will be one who can be respected and looked up to socially and morally.

The last function took place in November, and some of the Knights were away on leave while their quarters were being repaired. C. waited till *Saturday morning* to recall these men for a Monday's function, thus preventing any appeal to higher authorities.

How were men to find lodgings (or an hotel at such a time) on a Saturday evening or perhaps on Sunday, if they could not reach Windsor before, and where (?) was the money to come from to pay for lodgings, the only reason for them being poor Knights being their poverty.

The Body Guard get two guineas a function, the Knights more kicks than ha'pence. These men dare not write to the papers themselves, but have to look to the ventilation of their grievances to kind outsiders.

"THE PENNY IN THE SLOT GAS."

With reference to our article of last week under this heading, we have received the following letter :—

29 and 30, King Street, E.C.,
April 2nd, 1909.

Sir,—My experience with the Gas Light and Coke Company goes to substantiate all you have written upon the matter. In January, 1907, owing to suspicions being aroused at the heavy gas bills, I sent my meter to Westminster to be tested, and subsequently called to see the result. To my astonishment the inspector informed me that it registered 49·81 fast, and at his suggestion I met the representative of the Gas Company. The outcome of the interview was that the company offered to credit me with 50 per cent. of my last quarter's bill. This I absolutely refused. The meter had been in use three years, so I claimed 50 per cent. off the whole of the amount I had paid to them during this period, and after a little demur they paid me the amount claimed.

Soon afterwards I was informed by an expert connected with a firm of meter manufacturers that it is almost an impossibility for a meter to be "slow," and when they go wrong they almost invariably go fast.

Twelve months after the above occurrence I had the new meter tested, and it was found to be 4·30 fast. Another meter was installed, and I am awaiting results. I often wonder whether my being connected with a well-known Detective Agency had anything to do with the settlement. Suppose it had been Smith the baker, or Jones the City clerk, what would have happened?

What is required in a Gas Consumers' Protection Socity. The picturesque "Dick Turpin" was a saint by comparison with the many types of modern highwaymen it is my sad lot to encounter day by day. Moreover, the former did take considerable risk of having a hole drilled in him by a bullet, or slung up to the nearest tree, while the latter are shielded too often by a public officer who shirks his duty for more congenial work.—Yours faithfully, Henry Simmonds.

The Flying Man.

Mr. Farman achieved the record flight of 17 MILES from Chalons to Rheims without a stop on October 30, 1908.

Nerve Strain and Exhaustion—

Mr. Henry Farman's marvellous conquest of the air is another of those brilliant triumphs of nerve force and endurance which are made possible by the vitalising potency of Phosferine.

The master minds, the leaders of men, have ever been the foremost to esteem the energising efficacy of Phosferine, but *the very importance and difficulty* of Mr. Farman's historic achievement is the strongest possible proof of the supreme restorative qualities possessed by the greatest of all tonics. Mr. Farman expresses the warmest appreciation for the *permanent* staying power and resistance that Phosferine imparted to his nerve system, enabling him to withstand the severe strain of the unexpected risks and hazards of aerial flight.

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"WON'T YOU GO HOME, BILL RILEY?"

During the South Hackney contest at the last General Election, it will be remembered that a local Nonconformist minister, named William Riley, stood as one of our Editor's rivals in the candidature—ultimately polling 804 votes, just about the same as Mr. Frank Smith at Croydon the other day. He was a bit of a crank, and the following "squib" used to be sung by the small boys in the streets:—

Tune—"Bill Bailey."

Won't you go home, Bill Riley,
Won't you go home?
You must know you're acting very wrong;
You know you'll never be
A patch on Bottomley,
You're only helping Robertson along.
We'll see you rue the day
(Your sheep all gone astray),
Silly Shepherd, from your Meeting House to roam!
We'll show you 'tis a shame
To try to jump a "claim,"
Billy Riley, if you don't go home!

After the election, troubles arose between Mr. Riley and his Church members, with the result that some time ago he left the district. What became of him no one knew or seemed to care.

Can he be identical with the Rev. Wm. Riley, minister of the Bridge Street Congregational Church at Walsall, in which town he has been lately kicking up a rumpus in the rôle of a passive resister? Refusing to pay 2s. 6d. education rate and 7s. costs, an application was made the other day for his committal, in default of distraint—all the household goods apparently having been safely made over to Mrs. Riley.

We think it *must* be the same man, for we observe that before the case commenced he addressed the Court thus: "Pardon me, I decline to enter that dock as a criminal." Now, the "dock" happened to be simply the defendants' witness-box—a fact which was fully explained by the magistrates' clerk, who very reasonably observed, "You see, Mr. Riley, it amounts to this: it opens the door to anyone summoned in this Court to stand up wherever he likes and address the Bench from that position." But Mr. Riley was adamant. "Will the Bench tell me," he demanded, "by what law I am required to go into the box?" to which came the courteous reply, "The law of customary procedure of the Court." Mr. Riley, however, protested that to go into the box would be "a form repulsive to me and to the Free Churchmen of the country"; to which came the crushing rejoinder from the Chairman of the Bench, "You are not speaking for me as a Free Churchman. If you do not choose to go into the proper place provided for defendants, we shall refuse to hear you. You cannot come here and set up a law for yourself." The reporter then proceeds to tell us that "the Bench consulted together," and the Chairman said there was nothing left but to make the order, which was to the effect that the rev. gentleman must go to prison for seven days.

Mr. Riley, however, evidently does not believe in martyrdom, for he declared, "I shall take course of procedure against this action," and being told that he was at liberty to do whatever he thought proper, the report leaves us in the dark as to whether the "Black Maria" was then drawn up for the purpose of conveying the educational stalwart to the nearest gaol, or whether, upon mature reflection—and possibly after, in the hackneyed phrase, "seeking guidance"—the 9s. 6d. was forthcoming.

If we are right in our surmise as to Mr. Riley's identity, we congratulate Walsall upon a valuable acquisition to its roll of burgesses.

We have received from the secretary of the United Kingdom Commercial Travellers' Benefit Society a copy of its annual report and balance-sheet for the year ended December 31st, 1908. We are glad to know that the progress made during the year was again very satisfactory. The society seems to us to be doing a good work and therefore to be worthy of support.

What Is Your Number?

(See Page iii. of Cover.)

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"BEVIS."

Mr. Hubert Henry Davies is an author I should describe in sporting language as a jolly good "sprinter." He races and romps along easily for the first two laps, but at the third he invariably gets blown—he pants, he labours, he lags behind—and, finally, with a tricky spurt, gets to the tape, but not with a triumphant win.

Acts I. and II. of Hubert Henry Davies' new play, "Bevis," at the Haymarket, teem with fun and brightness—it is a most amusing case of first *he* will and *she* won't, then *she* will and *he* won't; but Act III.—oh! dear, what an unnecessarily spun-out and tedious affair it is; where ladies wander about the river bank on Sunday morning before cock-crow, in Parisian semi-decolleté gowns, trail their chiffon flounces over dew-sodden grass, and where the hero and heroine of Mr. Davies' romance indulge in a dreamy *sotto voce* kind of conversation, which is what is pleased to be called "natural acting."

Give me the fine school of Miss Henrietta Watson and Miss Lottie Venne in preference to this ear-straining talk, say I, for never a word is lost as spoken by these two artistic ladies, who don't hedge with their speeches as if they were afraid to take odds on them getting over the footlights.

No one admires Mr. Davies as a playwright more than I do, but, as in "The Mollusc" so there is in "Bevis," just that tendency to drag out three acts where there is only sufficient spirit for two. Mr. Davies first of all plies us with the finest champagne, and then expects us to be satisfied with soda-water, and rather flat at that; he should reverse his mode of treatment and finish up with champagne.

Miss Madge Titheradge plays the part of the wealthy brewer's daughter, who declines with thanks to be pitch-forked into a marriage with a "belted earl" for her money's sake, and Mr. A. E. Mathews is "Bevis," the young Marquis of Bewdley. I have seen this clever actor in characters to much better advantage—"Peter's Mother," for instance.

The fun in the new Haymarket production is as light as thistle-down, but the mercenary side of life is urged unsparingly, and one misses those sweet, delightful flashes of human nature Mr. Davies gave us in his "Cousin Kate," which appeal so strongly to the hearts of both men and women alike.

But, as I said before, the first two acts of "Bevis" are full of wit and humour, and laughter is pleasant at all times and any season of the year.

In the Gay City.

Monsieur Henri Bataille has at last secured a great triumph in Paris, and it is not to be wondered at by play-lovers who have closely watched his work. His first play, "L'Enchantement," written for Jane Hading, and produced about eight years ago at the Gymnase Theatre, had greater qualities than faults, and I am surprised that it passed unnoticed as it did—both in France and England. Monsieur Bataille's next ambitious work, the adaptation of Tolstoi's "Resurrection," was a brilliant piece of work which you were unable to judge when given at His Majesty's Theatre by Mr. Tree, for, alas! it gained nothing—far from nothing—by the translation. It was all the other way about.

Monsieur Bataille's latest play, "Le Scandale," produced at the Renaissance Theatre in Paris last week, has proved the triumph of his career. It is a brilliant work, brilliantly acted, and never has Berthe Bady—whom Bataille always entrusts with his leading female *rôles*—acted better. Years ago I predicted that Berthe Bady was the only actress on the stage who could follow in the steps of Sarah Bernhardt. It has taken the dramatic world years to discover, and it is only now that the critics are declaring her to be one of the most brilliant artistes of the day. Believe me, the world will hear more of Berthe Bady.

Owing to John Bull going to press so early on account of the holidays, I must hold over my notice of R. C. Carton's new play, "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," until next week.

Passion week also sees at His Majesty's Theatre Mr. Tree's interesting revival of "The School for Scandal," with Beerbohm Tree, Henry Neville, H. V. Esmond, Basil Gill, Robert Loraine, Charles Quartermaine, James Hearn, Edward Terry, Hermann Vezin, Lionel Brough, Godfrey Tearle, Robert Cunningham, Marie Lohr, Suzanne Sheldon, Dagmar Wiehe, and Ellis Jeffreys in the cast.

What is Your Number, see page iii of Cover.

The Pleasures of a Good Pipe Tobacco

are very real; so much so that many smokers buy expensive mixtures to endeavour to make sure of having them. Yet the required qualities are more :: dependent upon the selection and blend of the tobaccos used than high price.

Coolness, Fragrance, and that subtle and most pleasing quality, usually termed :: *flavour,* are entirely due to the art of blending and are not necessarily an accompaniment of high price.

Chairman

will meet the requirements of ninety smokers in every hundred; it has every good feature that a pipe tobacco can have, but particularly coolness. It is a pipe tobacco for to-day, to-morrow, and for every day—for the heavy smoker and for the occasional smoker, and one which will not burn the tongue.

Boardman's

is the same tobacco milder, and

Recorder

the same, but fuller flavoured.

From tobacconists everywhere, 5½d. per oz.

In case of difficulty, write to

R. J. LEA, Manchester.

V4

A POLITICAL LEXICON.

By W. M.

B.

BABBLE (*Verb; plural number; constant mood*).—To talk confusedly; to prate idly: *as* Members of Parliament.

BAFFLE (*Verb; irritating mood; ticklish case*).—To mock; to frustrate; to defeat; *as* the House of Lords.

BAIT (*Noun; past tense; exploded case*).—A bit of food put on a hook to allure fish and electors: *as* the Big Loaf.

BATON (*Noun; pugilistic mood; judicial case*).—A truncheon: *as* used at Irish political meetings.

BETWEEN (*Preposition; doubtful mood; uncomfortable case*).—In the middle of two: *as* Mr. Balfour.

BICIPITAL (*Adjective; plural number*).—Having two heads: *as* the Conservative party.

BLOATED (*Adjective; stagnant mood; sorry case*).—Grown turgid; inflated: *as* the Government majority.

BLOATER (*Noun; deceptive case*).—A herring drawn across the path: *as* Old Age Pensions.

BOB (*Noun; prophetic mood; alarming case*).—Something curtailed or short: *as* Lord Roberts.

BOVINE (*Adjective; passive mood; criminal case*).—Pertaining to oxen and cows: *as* the Chief Secretary for Ireland.

BRACKET (*Noun; convivial mood; champagne case*).—A contrivance for holding things together: *as* a dinner at the National Liberal Club or a Free Trade meeting at the Queen's Hall.

BRAIN (*Noun; apprehensive mood; sad case*).—A mass of nervous matter: *as* the Liberal party.

BROADEN (*Verb; intentional mood*).—To make broad: *as* the basis of taxation.

BROOD (*Verb; avaricious mood; anxious case*).—To sit, as on eggs: *as* the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

BRUTE (*Noun; denunciatory mood; ridiculous case*).—A beast: *as* man—in the opinion of the Suffragists.

BUCKET (*Noun; non-alcoholic mood*).—A small vessel in which water is carried: *as* Sir Thomas Whittaker.

BUCOLIC (*Adjective; obiter dictum*).—See BOVINE.

"CANDIAN EMIGRANTS, BEWARE!"

This is what a Montreal reader tells us:—

"Knowing how strongly you feel on the subject of emigration, I have taken the liberty of sending you several Montreal papers. Sir, I think it is absolutely wicked to bring more people out here at present. According to the Canadian Government's own figures, 100,000 returned to the Old Country during the year 1908, and lots more would return if they could raise their boat fares. Over 2,000 emigrants arrived here last week; how some of them fared on arriving at Toronto you will see by one of the marked portions of paper sent. A lot of them go West for the summer, with visions of the beautiful farmyard scenes displayed in the emigration and shipping offices, only to drift back to the towns in the fall, with hardly a cent in their pockets. The Socialists claim that there are over 29,000 unemployed here in Montreal alone. This winter the refuge homes and police-stations have been crowded nightly with poor devils unable to find a few cents for a bed. The railroad cars in the yards here have also been raided at night by the homeless, and the police not liking to turn them out, as round the middle of January the temperature was from 10 to 24 degrees below zero for six days right off (that's going some, you bet), and the poor wretches would have been frozen to death on the sidewalks. The C.P.R. are sending down specials to St. John's this week again to bring a lot more poor deluded ones out. Sorry am not much of a scholar, so not able to express my feelings more fully on this matter and others; but as you rightly said a few weeks ago in the ever-welcome JOHN BULL, the whole system of emigration wants looking into. I am a skilled mechanic, with a thirty years' and other testimonials, and cannot get a position of any sort here."

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page iii of cover.

FOR FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS

JUNON TRUE HAIR STIMULANT.

From an unique experience extending over many years and from statistics gathered from all parts of the world, we have observed the fact that most cases of FALLING HAIR come within one of two classes—one in which the hair is dry, lustreless and brittle, and the other where it is oily.

Therefore JUNON True Hair Stimulant is Prepared in two Forms.

We have made a careful and studious investigation of the various medicinal substances which **MIGHT** be suitable for hair troubles, and from the results obtained we have just as carefully selected those which are now incorporated in our well-known preparations.

But why not TEST OUR CLAIMS FOR YOURSELF?

We are setting aside for the benefit of those with hair troubles

10,000 TESTING BOTTLES,

One of which we shall be pleased to send to every applicant enclosing six penny stamps (to defray cost of packing, postage, etc.) together with a statement of the condition of the hair for which it is to be used.

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE, and if the hair is carefully and scientifically treated as soon as it shows signs of falling, baldness **WILL** be prevented.

TAKE STEPS IN TIME TO PREVENT BALDNESS.

IT WILL COST YOU ANXIETY, TIME, AND MONEY TO CURE IT, AND WITH A POSSIBILITY OF FINAL FAILURE.

Send at Once for a Testing Bottle of the True Hair Stimulant to

JUNON, Ltd., (DEPT. M,) 10a, Soho Square, London, W.

OPEN LETTERS POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Mr. Justice Lawrance, Royal Courts of Justice.

May it please your Lordship,—It is now twenty years since, when Sir Henry Isaacs was Lord Mayor, he and I, and others, worked hard to secure you the then vacant Recordership of the City of London. We failed, and after one or two more of those newspaper "denials," which were at that time always appearing when a judicial vacancy occurred, that you had been offered the job, you found your way to the Bench in February, 1890—so that this is your twentieth year in that exalted office. In other words I, as the taxpayer, have had just £100,000 worth of your services.

And now I write to suggest, with all respect, and even with affection, that you should descend from your high estate and seek that *otium cum dignitate* which a grateful country provides for its Judges when they have given it fifteen years of service. Why you haven't taken it before this is one of the greater mysteries. A typical specimen of the old English gentleman, and an enthusiastic farmer, you would have been much more in your element during these past five years down at Dunsby Hall, near Bourne, than in that stuffy Court. And we should all have been saved the humiliating spectacle of seeing you—painstaking and conscientious as you ever were—handicapped in the discharge of your high duties by mental and physical infirmity.

Personally popular, as you deservedly are, everyone wishes that you would see the wisdom of retiring—and no one more than the Lords Justices of Appeal. At your great age—for you are in your 78th year—it is not remarkable that both your hearing and your memory have begun to fail. But believe me, my dear Judge, it is a pitiful spectacle. Off the Bench, I should think you are the most charming and loveable of men, and I should want no better way of spending a winter's evening than in your company with the port and nuts. But the administration of Justice, my dear Judge, is a serious and a solemn thing. The first requisite is to hear the evidence; the second, to be able to follow and appreciate it; and the third, to be capable of expounding it to the jury. Over and above all this, a Judge must grasp and appreciate the issues of both fact and law, and be careful to exclude, in the process of their elucidation, all extraneous and redundant matter. In all these faculties, my Lord, you are now lamentably deficient. But you won't make way for a younger man. Is it that your friends—enemies you have none—don't like to tell you these plain truths? Let me speak for them.

At the Bar you were never a great lawyer, and although successful on the Midland Circuit—where the country juries had an aggravating way of returning their verdicts by simply saying, "We finds for Muster Lawrance"—you were little known in the London Courts. Your elevation to the Bench, like that of so many others, was a political job. You had been a faithful party hack, both in the House of Commons and on the public platform, and when your friends and neighbours, Henry Chaplin and Edward Stanhope, got in the Tory Ministry, your "claims" were not forgotten. For the regulation fifteen years you managed to "muddle through" all right. What you lacked in legal erudition, you made up in common sense. But the shadows are now fast gathering around you, and if you would be wise, you will seek an honourable retirement, carrying with you the affectionate respect of all who know you.

JOHN BULL.

To The Right Rev. Bishop of Birmingham.

DEAR DR. GORE,—I don't like to see a broad-minded Churchman like yourself being used as the instrument of intolerance and bigotry. I do not say you were not within your legal rights in inhibiting Canon Hensley Henson from preaching at the Digbeth Institute under Nonconformist auspices, but I do say that whether you had the legal right or not, you need not have acted upon it, and would not have acted upon it if you had been in fact the strong man in the Church that I have always taken you to be.

Canon Henson is a distinguished clergyman, not less respected than yourself for the breadth of his theological platform and the high sincerity of his human endeavours. But in ignoring your inhibition he shows a greater strength of character and a clearer moral judgment than you have done in making it. You might have marked out for yourself a great position in Ecclesiastical leadership if you had refused the inhibition demanded by this narrow-minded vicar, and had given him a sharp lesson in religious tolerance.

You have swept aside a magnificent opportunity. I am the more surprised at your action, because on several occasions you have addressed meetings under Nonconformist auspices and associated with Nonconformists on a common platform. That you have immeasurably weakened your position as a bishop, and that Canon Henson has immeasurably strengthened his as a clergyman will be admitted by all tolerant people, independent of creed or sect, or party. Whatever the technical rights, the discretionary judgment remained with you. You have put it to an ill use, and, with respect, to a foolish one also. What, my dear Dr. Gore, are we to think of religion as an influence on life when such narrow prejudices are used to keep asunder the spiritual union of men in their work for what they all profess to believe is a vital good? Surely it is little better than a mockery to pray "Our Father" in face of so outrageous a denial of religious brotherhood?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Thomas Rees, Cheam, Surrey.

DEAR SIR,—Though you are but a road-sweeper, I am sure you are the stuff of which the best Englishmen have always been made. They tell me that at eighty-three years of age you have refused to apply for an old-age pension, as you would rather get up at five o'clock in the morning to do your daily work. But I have often heard it said that theer's nowt ta beeat t'young 'uns bar t'owd 'uns, and, thinking of you, I am inclined to believe that it is true. So I wish you good luck, and good health, which is better than good luck, and many more days as you best like to live them. At the same time, old man, don't be ashamed to take the pension. *It belongs to you*—or God knows you have earned it.

JOHN BULL.

To William O'Brien, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR WILLY,—It is a pity that you and Timothy the Healyite cannot run smoothly in Redmond's harness. You have resigned your seat, and I understand are about to shut down your paper and shut up your mouth. How many times you have resigned and retired I am unable, at the moment, to estimate; but presently we shall probably see you back in the House, going for the base Saxon as in those palmy days of history when you flouted the "brutal Balfour" by declining to wear your breeches.

There are many views about you, Willy. For my part, I have always seen in you the uncompromising patriot who loves his country as his breath; enthusiastic, daring, brilliant. The memory of much suffering and sorrow in the home of your youth, the ill-health which has been your heritage, the death of a much-loved mother while you were in prison—all these things have embittered your spirit and loaded your pen and your tongue with acid. But Ireland owes you a great debt, for you have served her and suffered for her in her bitterest hours of struggle and travail. These peaceful days are not for you. A spirit like yours shines clearest when the fight is hottest.

And so we are to lose you. For many things and in many ways I am sorry; most of all, because you leave us as a disappointed and, for the moment, a disheartened man. But cheer up, Willy. To-morrow is also a day.

JOHN BULL.

Clerk, Board of Guardians, Lambeth.

Not surprised that out of 114 applicants post shorthand typist, not one can write 120 words minute, and transcribe on typewriter at 24 a minute. Experts not in the market at £70 a year.

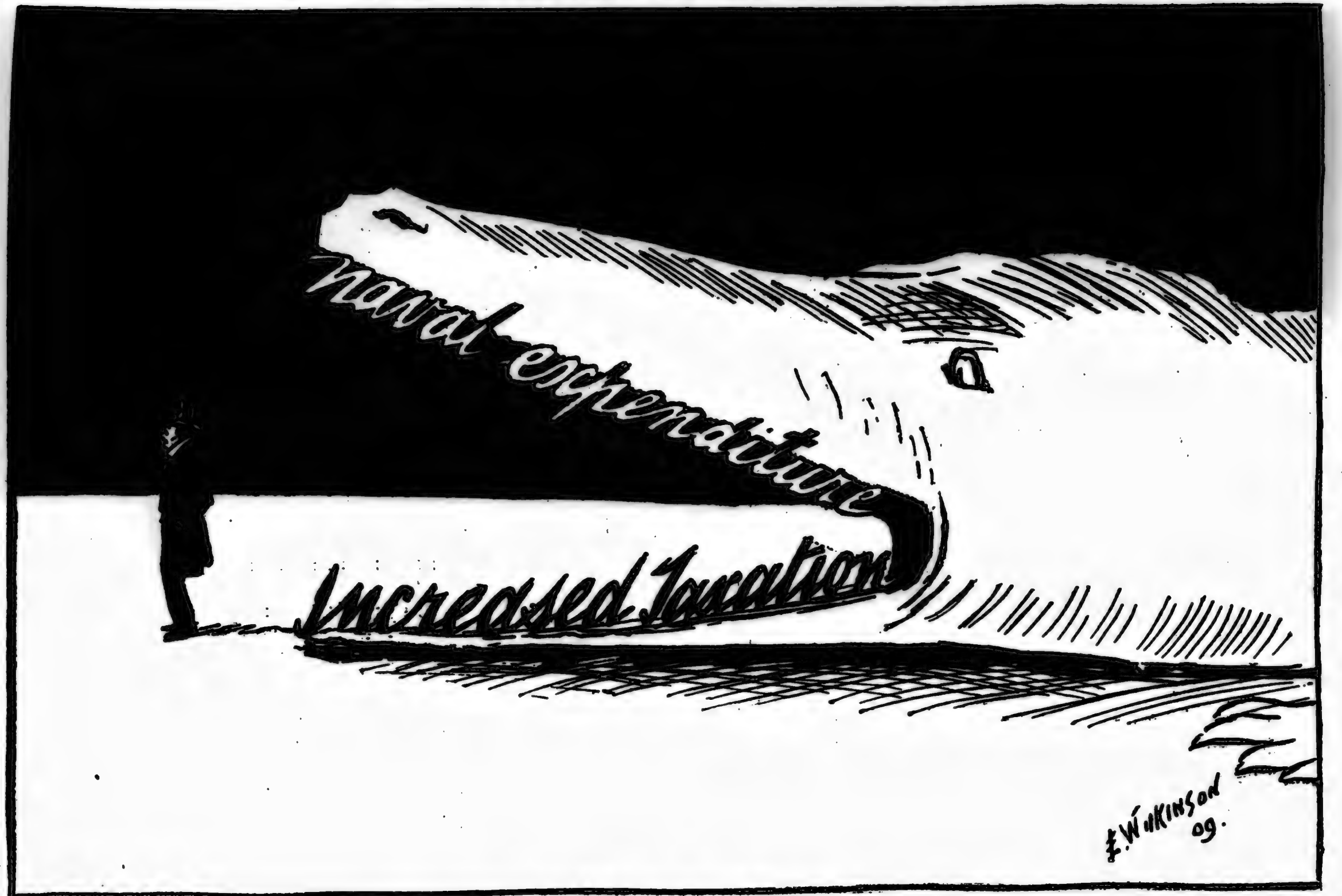
BULL.

Secretary, British Hairdressers' Association, London.

Observe your revelation of invasion of London by German barbers. Perhaps they will now cut and run.

BULL.

THE LUXURY OF PATRIOTISM.



"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME."

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on this page be addressed to the City Editor, *67, Long Acre, W.C.*

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue of John Bull *must be received not later than the Friday preceding the week of publication.*

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE BANK, LIMITED.

Rumours and Facts.

Rumours prejudicial to the position of the Anglo-Japanese Bank, Limited, have recently been circulated more or less widely, but, so far as we are able to ascertain, they appear to be unfounded.

While it is unlikely that any dividend will be declared on the past year's working, we have reason to believe that the accounts, which are shortly due, will show that some progress has been made since last year, and—what is more important—that the resources of the bank have been maintained intact.

If this is the case, in view of the admittedly heavy losses that have been made by other banks trading in the East during the period of the Anglo-Japanese Bank's existence, and of the special difficulties with which a new institution in a comparatively untried field of finance has to contend, we think the management of the bank are to be congratulated on their conservative policy. And with the experience gained, and a continuance of the improvement in local conditions that has now commenced, there are grounds for hoping that future years will produce something for shareholders more tangible than balance-sheets.

So far from Mr. Ross Taylor having severed his connection with the bank, as has been stated in some quarters, we understand that the directors have just made arrangements for retaining his services on the expiry of his present agreement.

AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

Promise and Performance.

We have had something to say in recent issues upon the wide difference between promise and performance on the part of the Mutual Life Association of New York, but it would be a mistake to suppose that this company shows poorer results than other American companies, or indeed as bad. Let us look at how the Equitable Life Assurance Society of U.S.A. stands.

When policy-holders twenty years ago effected Tontine and Semi-Tontine policies with this Company's agents, figures were given them showing the benefits they would derive, and on these figures and statements they were induced to become policyholders. Now let us see how these policyholders have been treated, and how the promises and figures held out to them pan out.

One policyholder was promised as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Annual premium	47	16	8
Total paid in 20 years	956	13	4
Cash value at maturity	1,734	0	0
Paid-up value	4,090	0	0
Or annuity per annum	128	0	0
Here is what they offer:—			
Cash value at maturity	1,236	10	0
Paid-up value	2,650	0	0
Or annuity per annum	74	18	0
Another instance:—			
Annual premium	39	18	4
Total paid in 20 years	789	6	8
Cash value at end of 20 years	1,288	0	0
Or paid-up policy	2,140	0	0
Or retain policy £1,000 and draw surplus in cash	684	10	2
Here is what they offer:—			
Cash value at end of 20 years ..	892	6	0
Or paid up policy	1,452	0	0
Or retain policy £1,000 and draw in cash	288	17	0

Many other instances might be given of the results and treatment of policyholders in the Equitable of U.S.A.

It looks as if they are trying, at the expense of policyholders, to recoup themselves for the 1905 scandals, when the New York State Insurance Department cut down the reserve by 29,599,000 dollars, losses, advances to agents, etc.

THE BEAUFORT GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY (1908).

A Curious Correspondence.

We have before us a correspondence to which it may be interesting to refer.

First there is the Prospectus of the Company issued on January 13th last, and inviting the public to subscribe its share capital. This prospectus is noticeable as having at the bottom of it the name of its chairman, Sir Chas. Buckworth-Herne-Soame.

One of our readers was induced to subscribe for shares, and shortly afterwards received a circular letter signed by Sir Chas. B. H. Soame, Bart., and addressed from the offices of the company, 99, Cannon Street, under date February 3rd. In this letter the chairman stated that his two fellow directors—Messrs. Acland and Russel—had resigned their position as directors of the company, and that the secretary, Mr. John Moxon, had followed suit.

The letter explained that these resignations had taken place owing to "certain irregularities in connection with the affairs of the company." These irregularities were:

(1) That it was not disclosed in the prospectus that the Vendor Company has agreed to pay for the qualification shares of all three directors.

(2) That the chairman has made a declaration that the section of the Act which requires the payment of the amounts due on application and allotment of qualification shares has been made, whereas in fact it has not been.

Sir Charles Soame went on to say:—

> The above facts might entitle shareholders to withdraw their applications should they desire, and so I am writing to ask you to let me know on the enclosed form per return that you still wish to remain a shareholder of this company.

After the chairman's disclosures our correspondent had no such wish, and therefore wrote to the chairman to say that he desired the return of his money subscribed.

Here it might be thought that the matter would end, but on March 15th our correspondent received a letter from the new secretary of the company, Mr. P. Williams:—

> I have yours of the 13th inst., and note you still, in view of our chairman's communication of the 23rd ult., wish to withdraw your application.
>
> The position between yourself and this company therefore becomes a peculiar one, and I will endeavour to explain it.
>
> Certainly our chairman when informing you of the informalities that had occurred, and that he was putting them right, said there *might* be sufficient grounds for a shareholder to withdraw, but he did not give shareholders the option as you suggest. That was not in his power. Since then the directors have consulted their solicitor, and have had, I may tell you, practically the unanimous support of the shareholders, and they cannot in the interests of all the other shareholders refund any money of this company unless they are bound to do so. Whether they are so bound or not they must not act in refunding money without being in the right. They would very much like the point decided as there exists much difference of opinion in the matter. An action in the High Court would be the best course to decide it. This, however, is an expensive business, and my directors will not use the shareholders' money in starting one, but they are prepared to defend any action brought by you to settle the point of law.

And then Mr. Williams blandly suggests that our correspondent should let him know whether he is prepared to have his shares forfeited, or to pay the balance alleged to be due upon them, or to start an action in the High Court.

Our correspondent was naturally astonished at this reply, having in view the circular letter of Sir Chas. Soame, of February 3rd, and wrote insisting upon the return of his money. To this the secretary replied:—

> There was nothing undisclosed in this company's prospectus.

And then, as if frightened at his own audacity of statement, he goes on to say:—

> But our chairman's first communication informed you that it was intended the directors should be qualified by the Vendor Company, but such intention was not disclosed in the prospectus, and the directors were advised it might be held to be irregular if carried out.

Our correspondent wrote a further letter insisting upon his view of the matter to which the secretary replied under date March 23rd:—

> There is nothing further to add to my letter of the 18th inst., unless it be that I may feel inclined to buy your shares if you will let me know what price you want. I am open to invest in the company provided I can get a bargain.

We observe that Sir Chas. Buckworth-Herne-Soame is not only 10th Baronet of his line, but is also a solicitor. The latter fact makes the correspondence quoted even more surprising than it would have been if the baronet, like most of his class, knew nothing about business.

With reference to our remarks upon the action of the management of the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co. in relation to certain members of its staff, letters of surprise received by us make it right that we should say that this Company has no connection with the London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company, of 66 and 67, Cornhill, E.C.

We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers who have had any transactions with the British Equitable Assurance Company, of Queen Street Place, E.C., as to what their experience has been.

We have received from the National Benefit Trust, Ltd. copy, of the report and balance-sheet for the year ended December 31st last. We congratulate all concerned upon the prosperous position of the Trust, the funds showing an increase on the year exceeding £50,000. The reserve fund of £300,000 set aside to meet liabilities is in excess of the actual amount required by £6,072, and no part of the negative value has been included as an asset in the above valuation, which Mr. John Holt-Schooling certifies was properly stringent.

In reply to the question of "A. B. C." as to a man named Galbaker, of 1, Lombard Court, E.C., a correspondent writes:—"We would suggest to 'A. B. C.' that he probably means Galzini, as a man of that name did business for years at 1, Lombard Court, and has now his office at 45, Tooley Street. This gentleman is of Italian extraction, and his full name is Sylvestra Edward Galzini."

We have received in pamphlet form a copy of a paper read before the Birmingham Insurance Institute in January last by Mr. Gautier de St. Croix, entitled "Insurance of Consequential Loss following Fire."

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

Sound Investment.—A. E. B. (Cheyne Walk).—(1) We do not know where you can get anything like 7 per cent. for debentures or cumulative preference shares in companies of standing and at present prosperous. (2) You can only get balance-sheets of various companies by applying to the secretary of such companies, and then it is not at all certain that you will get them if you are not a shareholder.

Atlas Bank Scheme.—G. (Walsall).—We have no belief in it.

Feltham's Bank.—C. H. C. (Sheffield).—We fear you can do nothing but wait and see how the estate works out, but there is little chance of any part of your debt being paid you. We return "Special Manager's" letter.

British Equitable Bond and Mortgage Corporation.—J. B. (Liverpool).—We note that the balance-sheet and report will not be out for some time to come. We should wait for its receipt. When received, send it to us, and we will advise you as to what you should do.

Value of Coupons.—C. R. (Queensferry).—The value of the Antwerp coupon is 1s. 6d., of the Brussels 1902 1s. 10d., and the Brussels Maritime 1s. 6d.

The Provident Clothing Supply Company, Limited.—A. M. C. (Wood Green).—We are obliged to you for the information you send us.

Sale of Consols.—H. L. L. (Carlton).—We do not think it likely that there will be much improvement in quotation very soon.

London and Paris Exchange.—L. C. (Leominster).—On the face of it, we should say they cannot enforce the claim, but you had better see a solicitor. E. B. (Lewes).—We agree, but we do not see what is to be done in the matter. You had better write it off as a bad debt.

Government and Municipal Securities Corporation.—G. E. G. (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—Have nothing to do with it.

South London and Electric Supply Debentures.—Alpha (Norwich).—Yes.

Johnson's, Limited.—G. L. M.—We think not.

M. Benne and Company.—R. A. P. (Boscombe).—Have nothing to do with Messrs. Benne and Co., of Copenhagen, and their lottery invitation.

R. A. Smith and Company.—W. A. (Manchester).—The answer is in the affirmative.

National Old Age Pension Society.—H. C. (Cranbrook).—We cannot recommend it for reasons we have frequently given.

Cosmopolitan Financier Bureau.—E. B. (Furness).—The answer is in the negative.

Kaffir Consols.—W.—We are obliged by your letter and reference to the auditor's report. We agree with you that your information is not likely to prove correct.

Pennsylvania Six per Cent. General Mortgage Bonds.—J. T. A. S. (Fitzroy Square).—We will look into the matter, and answer you next week.

Guaranteed Debentures.—Picras (Sheffield).—Yes, there are other companies who do this kind of business. We should not, however, recommend the second of the two mentioned.

The Brighton Bonus Stamp Company.—A. H. (Tywardreath).—All these companies are much of a muchness.

Crown Land Society, Limited.—W. T. (Billingshurst).—Our answer is in the negative.

Crown Oil and Gas Company of Canada.—M. W. (Bedengga).—It would be a very speculative purchase, not at all suitable for you.

Veno Drug Company.—S. T. S. (Whitsonsett).—We agree, and cannot advise you to take up any of the shares.

Premium Bonds.—J. R. H. (Glasgow).—You would be foolish to buy these bonds from any one of the outside brokers you name. J. N. M. (Bristol).—We think you might do much better in other directions. H. P. (Birmingham).—(1) City of Paris Bonds are certainly worth keeping, although the rate of interest is small. They are quite safe, and guaranteed by the Municipality. (2) The quotations in the French daily papers are the values at which the bonds can be dealt in. We are aware that there are a number of advertising touts who sell these bonds considerably above the market prices, but we have never found that anyone dealing with a responsible firm, like, say, N. Keiser and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., had reason to complain. E. C. (Durban).—You can get the information from Messrs. N. Keiser and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., who, for a slight fee per bond, will verify your numbers, and, if not drawn hitherto, register them in their books, and advise you should they be drawn at any future time. J. K. (Douglas).—See previous answer. Maple Lead (East Dulwich).—Ditto. M. L. (Townhead).—Ditto. W. F. (Falkirk).—We do not think the charge you mention excessive, and you may rely upon the information you receive.

Options.—H. F. C. (Great Grimsby).—We do not recommend option dealers.

Hamburg Royal Lottery.—H. R. (Port Talbot).—We do not assist readers to waste their money in these lotteries. S. M. (Cardiff).—Ditto.

Tunbridge Wells Benefit Building Society.—J. H. (Wakefield).—Sometimes it happens, and for the reasons given by the secretary of the company in his reply to you, that there is great delay in obtaining money after notice that you wish to draw out. We do not know what you can do except wait until funds are available.

Birkbeck Bank.—J. A. B. (Muswell Hill).—There is no truth in the statement to which you refer.

British Cotton and Wool Dyers.—Cotton Shares (Wimbledon).—We think not.

Sharp, Walker and Company.—W. L. (Sunderland).—We do not advise the purchase. We do not like 10 per cent. preference shares.

London and British Stock and Share Corporation.—D. J. (Bristol).—We cannot advise you to have anything to do with the "Special Operation" recommended by these people.

Godfrey Phillips, Limited.—E. S. (Brixton).—We do not think they are quoted.

Issuing House of London, Limited.—W. S. (Hornsey).—This concern took over the business of the Stock Exchange Investment Corporation, Limited, which tried to delude small investors by telling them they could obtain "a steady weekly income by the investment of £1 and upwards." P. R. (Leighton Buzzard).—Ditto. S. M.—The answer is in the negative.

Farrow's Bank.—Carn (Cannock).—Yes, we think so. The Birkbeck takes accounts of the kind you describe.

Stock Exchange and Banking Company, Limited.—D. G. M. (Dundee).—Have nothing to do with it.

East Tilbury (Canada Oil Fields), Limited.—Church Plate (Dalston).—No.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

Two Insurance Companies.—Thomas (Dublin).—(1) From the point of view of security, the two colonial companies you name are practically on a par. (2) The London Life Association is based on the mutual non-commission paying principle, and throughout its history has been very successful in earning profits for its policyholders. This profit system is to reduce the premiums after seven years' payments have been made. There are several series of policies entitled to reductions at varying rates, presently ranging from 50 per cent. to 115 per cent.—in the latter case no payment being made by the assured, but the reversionary equivalent of 15 per cent. of the premium being added to the sum assured. These reductions declared for the year 1907 were 1 per cent. all round higher than previously. The Association has recently introduced a system of minimum premiums, where under policies for guaranteed amounts are issued at less than average non-profit rates, but which, nevertheless, have the prospect of eventually participating in profits. The scheme should be attractive to those who desire the maximum amount of assurance from the outset of their policies in return for such a premium as they can afford.

Status of Society.—Northerner (Inverness).—We should prefer another selection.

Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.—P. M. C. (Sunderland).—It is an excellent company, which treats its policyholders with much liberality.

Insurable Interest.—E. C. (Limehouse).—This would not be affected by the fact of marriage, but whether, in the circumstances, you have an insurable interest, that is quite another matter.

London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company.—Edinburgh (Dorchester).—Yes, it is a sound company, doing a large business, not only in the United Kingdom, but in India and the Colonies. It is true that no bonus was distributed after the valuation on December 31st, 1907, but this was due to the adoption of more stringent methods as compared with the previous valuation, which involved an addition to the reserves of £105,517, and £50,000 was applied in writing down securities. The directors state that they "anticipate that this process will be compatible with the maintenance of bonuses to policyholders and shareholders fully equal to those disclosed in the past." We think you are worrying unnecessarily, and that you would be foolish to discontinue your policy after keeping it up so many years.

Independent Order of Oddfellows.—A. W. (Stockwell).—Let us see the correspondence.

The Mutual Life Association of Australasia.—E. B. F. (Ventnor).—It is a good company. Under the old series the bonuses were allotted according to age and duration of policy, and ranged from about 18s. to about 30s. per cent. per annum. The reversionary bonuses per cent. per annum under the new series were 22s. 6d. for ordinary whole-of-life policies, 40s. for whole-of-life limited payment policies, and 30s. for endowment assurances.

Insurance of Life.—J. S. (Durham).—If the condition imposed by the Royal London Mutual Insurance Society is that you must be insured for more than three months before you can claim, and you had not been insured so long at the time of the death, we do not see what claim you can enforce. Without expressing any opinion as to this particular society, we would remind you that, if you had read the conditions, you would not have been deceived. People seem to agree to payments to a certain class of society without ever troubling themselves to understand the conditions to which they are asked to subscribe, and they cannot reasonably complain if the result is disappointment and loss to themselves.

Reliance Fire and Accident Assurance Corporation.—W. S. H. (North Camberwell).—If the facts are as you state them, this company does its business under a very peculiar basis; but your friend, as you appear to perceive, has no cause of action, and we really do not think she has much claim for sympathy, whatever that may be worth. A person who will take out a policy, one of the conditions upon which it is issued being plainly stated to be that the company shall be "at liberty at any time to discontinue the policy," deserves the treatment your friend appears to have received. It is no answer to say that she did not read the conditions. If people choose to omit the most ordinary precautions in entering into agreements, they cannot complain if they are ultimately the losers.

Endowment Assurance with Profits.—A. G. D. (Clapham).—The Legal and General would give you the best result. We thank you for your congratulations.

Albion Assurance Association.—T. H. D. (Deptford).—We notice that you called at the offices of this concern, and found that they had been closed for the past three weeks.

The London and Provincial Assurance Company.—L. B. (Birmingham).—On the whole, we think you had better agree to transfer your present certificate to one of the options offered by the prospectus, say, to the Endowment House Purchase Department. W. F. J. (Glossop).—Ditto.

Provident Association of London.—G. M. (Gosport).—It is an association of long standing and financially strong. J. H. (Manchester).—We have gone into your matter carefully, but we do not see that you have ground for complaint. The infantile paralysis obviously affected the assurance. You were offered the return of premiums, plus 5 per cent. compound interest, up to the value of the policy, £500, or a fully-paid-up policy for £104. You accepted the latter, in our opinion, wisely. Had the policy been continued on the basis of return of premiums, plus 5 per cent. compound interest, the amount payable at date of last payment of premium would have been £153 15s. 3d.; at the age of 25 £300; at the age of 30 £400; at the age of 34 £500. Our advice to you is to ask the company to cancel the paid-up policy and to reinstate the original policy, which is the best possible one for an impaired life.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

MURRAY v. BOTTOMLEY AND OTHERS.

This was an action for rescission of two contracts to take shares, on the ground of misrepresentation. The first contract was for the purchase of 1,000 shares in the John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Limited, and the misrepresentation alleged was that the company was doing a good business, whereas it was in fact, at the time of the transaction in question, only in course of registration. It was further alleged that the fact of its being a Guernsey company was concealed from the plaintiff. The defence was that the John Bull Investment Trust and Agency had been carrying on business for a considerable time, and had paid regular monthly dividends, and that at the time of the contract for the purchase of shares it was distinctly stated that the Trust and Agency was in course of registration as a limited company, and that before the purchase was completed, the Trust and Agency had been duly incorporated, and that the fact of its being a Guernsey company was well known to the plaintiff.

The second claim related to a contract for the purchase of 1,000 shares in Carter's Deep Leads, Limited, and here the misrepresentation alleged was that the defendants had stated that the shares were worth 25s. each. The defence was that the shares were sold at 17s. 6d. each, and that it was stated that upon a Special Settlement being obtained on the London Stock Exchange, they would be worth 25s. each. As a matter of fact, the plaintiff himself at first said this was the representation made to him, but in re-examination he corrected his evidence to the above effect.

These are the whole of the alleged misrepresentations, and, after deliberating for two hours, the jury found for the plaintiff—or, at least, they gave answers to certain questions left to them by the Judge, upon which his lordship entered judgment for the plaintiff, assessing the damages at the amount paid for the shares.

A stay of execution was granted, and an appeal is now pending. We must not, therefore, discuss the merits of the action. But we may be permitted to observe that, assuming the plaintiff's evidence to be correct, two very important questions arise upon the verdict, and the commercial world will be anxious to know the decision of the Court of Appeal upon them. First, does it come within the definition of a "fraudulent misrepresentation" to speak of a company in course of registration for the purpose of taking over an existing and successful business, as itself being successful? Technical, literal misrepresentation, no doubt; but "fraudulent"—well, we await the judgment of the Court of Appeal. The other question is, can it be fraudulent (except, of course, in the case of definite knowledge to the contrary) to speak of a £1 mining share as "worth 25s."? If so, we shall certainly bring an action against the proprietors of Beecham's Pills.

A ROGUE AND A VAGABOND.

It used to be said that a company had neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked. We know nothing as to the possibilities of the saving of its soul, but we do claim to have suffered some experience of the kicking of its body. But it will be of some comfort to Messrs. Hulton, Limited, the enterprising newspaper proprietors of Manchester, that it is not be kicked as a rogue and vagabond, even though it has run a Limerick competition. Such is the decision of the Divisional Court in the appeal of Mr. John Hawke, of the Anti-Gambling League, against the magisterial decision in favour of Messrs. Hulton on a point of law. For the Act stipulates that a person convicted under it should be sent to a House of Correction for a period not exceeding six months, and, for a second offence, to be also whipped. But a company cannot be made a "corporate rogue and vagabond, limited," as Mr. Justice Darling put it. Wherefore you can't send it to gaol and you can't whip it; not under the Act on which these proceedings were taken, anyhow. The Attorney-General might have proceeded for a £50 forfeit, but he didn't, so Messrs. Hulton come out of the fire amid "loud laughter." And still people say that the law is no joke.

LAW AS INTERPRETED IN SCOTLAND.

If the law of Scotland is as interpreted by Lord Salvesen, we are very thankful that south of the Tweed we are free of it. Mr. A. L. Drysdale, Lord Rosebery's late Factor, is suing him for slander. The facts are not in dispute, and they are succinctly stated by Mr. Drysdale's Counsel in the following statement:—

> For twenty-five years plaintiff had been in the defendant's service, and in a position of great responsibility for the last eighteen years. He had been handling the sum of £23,000 or £25,000 a year. His books had been audited every year, and never a single word of complaint was made up to the moment when Mr. Dalziel entered and said, "Give me all the papers." Plaintiff said, "Certainly; you will get the papers, but, unfortunately, one of the clerks is away, and he has the key of the drawer in which is the cash." Mr. Dalziel said he must seal that up. That might be quite innocent, but, on the other hand, it might not; it might amount to a charge, which he said it did, that plaintiff was not fitted to be entrusted with these papers for another single day. If so, that was a case of slander. It seemed to be a charge of dishonesty in the past, and want of trust for the immediate present.

Who can doubt that the inference drawn by Counsel from the facts as stated is a true inference? There is sudden dismissal, a sudden visit to the Estate office and demand for the immediate surrender of all books and papers; a clerk has the key of the cash box, and he is away at the moment; Mr. Drysdale says he shall be sent for, but that is not enough for Lord Rosebery's agent, who insists that meantime the drawer in which the cash box is kept shall be sealed. Is that the way in which they treat honourable men in Scotland? Lord Salvesen would have it thought so. If we may judge by his remarks—he has reserved judgment—he can see nothing wrong in it. He offers an illustration: "If I pay a man a sum of money, he may say, 'You surely don't want a receipt for that?' If I say, 'Oh, well, it's a matter of business; I would like a receipt,' is it to be implied that the man is dishonest?" And Lord Salvesen seems to think the cases analogous!

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

We have received the following letter, with which we are in complete agreement:—

> The misrepresentation that imprisonment for debt has been abolished and that the debtor is now imprisoned for contempt of court dies hard. I thought it would have been killed long ago. The Debtors' Act abolishes imprisonment for debt with six exceptions. Anyone who will look at the sixth exception will see what the judgment-summons process really is. No order to pay is required before sending the debtor to prison. He may be sent there for not satisfying a judgment that has been entered up against him. And there is no contempt of court in not complying with an order of the Court that has not been served on the person who is alleged to be in contempt. In the cases now referred, service of an order is not required. Moreover, in a committal for contempt of court the judge can liberate the prisoner at any time on being satisfied that no contempt was meant or that further detention would injure the offender's health. In committals for debt he has no such power. The creditor can liberate the prisoner, but the judge cannot. There is no contempt of court in leaving an instalment unpaid unless the debtor had the means of paying it after the instalment became due; but if he had the means to pay at any time after the instalment-order was made, he is liable to imprisonment.
>
> Your correspondent insists on the necessity of proving means to pay to the satisfaction of the judge before a committal order is made. But there is no provision to the effect that the judge must be satisfied by legal evidence before making the order, and it is often made on evidence that would not be tolerated in any other case. I lately met with a case in which a committal order was made on the affidavit of a creditor residing in Cornwall that from the amount of business which the debtor, who resided in Nottinghamshire, was doing, he must be making a profit of so much per week (which the debtor flatly contradicted). The creditor did not give the slightest intimation of his means of knowledge, which could have been nothing but hearsay, probably of the most shadowy description, but it was sufficient to obtain the order.
>
> I believe the judge often grants a committal order not because he believes that the debtor *has* the means of paying, but because he believes that if given time he can *procure* it, and that by putting a stay on the execution of the committal order it will lead to the recovery of the debt. In many cases it does so, but in these the debtor usually procures the means to pay by incurring new liabilities of at least equal amount, and the public gains nothing by the change of creditors. It is true that the State enables a debtor to be imprisoned because he *has had* the means of paying, but it never was contemplated the judge should make another for his future imprisonment for non-payment within a definite time because he is satisfied that the debtor *will have* the means of paying before the time has expired.

THE UNDEVELOPED "CINDERELLA" OF EVERY WOMAN'S BEAUTY AND EVERY MAN'S APPEARANCE.

How Readers Can Cure Themselves of all Scalp Diseases, and Cover Their Heads with a Permanent Growth of Wholly Healthy Hair.

A SEVEN DAYS' COURSE OF HAIR CULTURE FREE.

There is no need to remind the reader of the importance of caring for the hair. One of the most beautiful, as it is delicate, of nature's endowments, it should have bestowed upon it attention and thought.

Every thinking person should realise the cause of the trouble, and it will then be easy to see that Edwards' "Harlene" is the direct and only sensible remedy. Its composition is such that it feeds the hair roots, nourishes them, and invigorates them. "Harlene Hair-Drill" loosens the scalp, causes the blood to flow, and so with the application of Edwards' "Harlene" the hair is given a new lease of life.

For many years now Edwards' "Harlene" has stood the test, with the result that the demand for it is greater than ever. It is used by all classes. It is not only a potent remedy, but it is a pleasant one. It has been the means of restoring many a woman's crowning glory, which is her lovely hair, and it has over and over again entirely removed all traces of hair ailments and neglect.

The human hair has been called the "Cinderella of every woman's beauty and every man's appearance," and this for two reasons:

IN THE FIRST PLACE.

There is hardly anything which is so disfiguring to a woman's beauty—or to a man's appearance—as Hair which has become Scanty, Faded, Grey, Discoloured, or Scurfy, or a Scalp upon which Patches of Baldness have spread where formerly luxuriant hair used to grow. Just as Cinderella, clad in rags, and sitting in the ashes, appeared plain and commonplace to all who saw her, so does a woman seem—no matter how regular her features or rare her complexion—whose hair has become afflicted with one or other of these disorders.

IN THE SECOND PLACE.

There is no part of the human body which recovers its Health, Strength, and Beauty so rapidly under proper scientific care and treatment as does the Hair. Although, when neglected, it certainly quickly deteriorates in quality, quantity, and colour, yet, if only two minutes a day are spent in cultivating it, or "drilling" it, according to the rules of the world-famous "Harlene Hair-Drill," it responds even more quickly still.

Dull hair becomes Glossy and Bright; Grey Hair recovers the natural colour it possessed in former years; Thin Hair becomes abundant and luxuriant; Bald Patches are rapidly covered in a growth of fine yet strong, silky yet elastic, and healthy and beautiful hair. And at the same time all deposits of Scurf or Dandruff—which plays so vicious a part in bringing about Hair and Scalp Disorders of every kind—are absolutely and completely removed (never, so long as "Harlene Hair-Drill" is practised, to recur), and the Scalp is rendered clean and wholesome, and free from all troublesome itching or irritation.

These are the two main reasons why the Hair has been called the "Cinderella of Woman's Beauty and Man's Appearance."

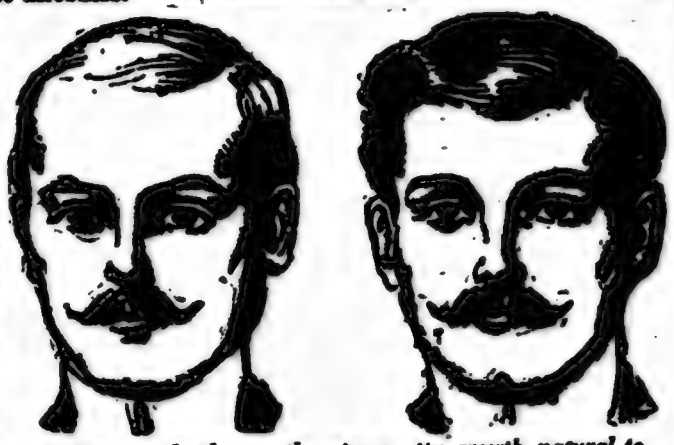
And what follows conclusively from this?

Why, nothing less than the fact that whilst

Baldness,	Discoloured Hair
Greyness,	Falling Hair,
Scanty Hair,	Scurf Deposits,

and other similar and allied Hair and Scalp Disorders, add anything up to *fifteen years* to the appearance of any man or any woman, besides detracting from the former's "well-groomed" hair and from the latter's beauty and fascinating charm, it is quite possible—and quite easy—for any man or woman—any reader of this article, for instance—to rid themselves of the tell-tale marks which the passing years imprint on their hair, and to vastly increase their charm, good looks, fascination, and all those qualities that go to make up "Beauty" in a woman and "Smartness" in a man.

If you are troubled with Premature Baldness, Greyness, and Scalp Trouble of any sort, remember that all these ailments are "premature" in your case. Your hair can retain both its luxuriance and its colour up to practically any age if "Harlene Hair-Drill" is only practised every day. You can cure these disorders and develop the Cinderella Beauty of your hair to an almost



Why not develop to the utmost the growth natural to your hair?

Why not develop the hidden beauties of your hair?

Why not banish that growing greyness creeping stealthily through your hair?

Why not put an absolute stop to that falling of your hair, or the thinning of your hair, at that spot where other people's all-too-keen eyes already see the scalp—adding, "Yes, he (or she) is beginning to show his age"?

Why not—when you can have the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit for 7 days' trial free of cost and free of obligation of any kind? The Outfit is sent to you on these terms because the senders know that you will be delighted with what it will do for you in 7 days.

unbelievable extent by devoting just

TWO MINUTES ONLY

every morning, or every evening, to "drilling" your Hair and Scalp according to the scientific rules discovered by Mr. Edwards, the great London Royal and Court Specialist, and inventor of the famous "Harlene-for-the-Hair."

The popularity of "Harlene Hair-Drill" is largely due to the rapid results it gives. "Harlene Hair-Drill" grows beautiful hair in a week—it stops hair from falling out in four days. There has never been anything to compare with "Harlene Hair-Drill" so far as its practically instantaneous action in developing the beauty, colour, and luxuriance of the hair is concerned. A week's trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill" convinces everyone of the almost magical effect of the new method in growing new hair upon bald or thin patches, in restoring the lustre and colour to grey or faded hair, in removing scurf, in increasing the lustre and glossy luxuriance of "Woman's crowning glory." You try "Harlene Hair-Drill" for a week and you see your hair growing more beautiful before your eyes. The "Harlene Hair-Drill" Calendar is only Seven days long, but each day is marked by a wonderful improvement in the health and luxuriance of your hair. You become a believer in, and follower of, "Harlene Hair-Drill" for the rest of your life. And, consequently, you are never troubled in the future with Falling Hair, Baldness, Greyness, Scurf Deposits, or any other trouble or weakness of the scalp or hair.

Every woman wants to be beautiful. But no woman can be truly beautiful unless she develops the "Cinderella-Charm" that lies latent in her hair. "Drill your hair" daily—two minutes will suffice—*and Mr. Edwards will provide the instructions, together with material, for one week's Hair-Drill, free of all charge*, so that you can test its power without any cost to yourself.

Call at the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C., and you will be given a

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Sirs,—I wish to try "Harlene Hair-Drill" for one week, in accordance with your offer to readers of this paper, and shall be glad if you will send me the Harlene Hair-Drill Outfit with instructions free of charge.

I enclose *3d. stamps for postage to any part of the world.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

* This amount is not payable if the reader calls for the Free Outfit.

John Bull, April 10, 1909.

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By Theodore Dahle.

THE STRANGE CASE OF CORNFORD v. JONES.

I have the honour to perceive the Rev. Bruce Cornford, who may not be known to you. In a leaflet which he has distributed broadcast in his parish he describes himself as a priest of the "Catholic Imperial Church," whatever that may be; "Master of Arts of the University of Cambridge," whatever spiritual qualification that may be, and "Curate of the Parish of St. Matthew, Portsea," whyever that may be. The leaflet is headed, "A Human Document," a term familiar to readers of John Bull. On the front page I find a number of moral aphorisms, of which I shall quote only one:—

> He who plants a tree does well;
> He who fells and saws it into planks does well;
> He who makes a bench of the planks does well;
> He who, sitting on the bench, teaches a child, does better than the rest.

And may I venture to remind the rev. gentleman that, according to the gentleman who wrote Solomon, he who takes that child across his knee and whacks, does the best of all. But that by the way.

The purpose of the leaflet is to call attention to the fact that my rev. friend is holding a fifteen days' Parochial Mission. I have nothing to say against parochial missions in general, or even against this one in particular. The Rev. Bruce Cornford may be a rather good man, as I am sure he is. On the other hand, he seems to me to have a very good cheek, and if he will pardon my plain speech, a very bad manner. To do him justice, he seems to be well aware of his infirmities in this respect, for I find him saying, "You may not like me personally. You may not like what I say. For that I care absolutely nothing whatever. You do not pay me a single penny, neither does the State. (You might mention that in the Dockyard.) Unlike others, I paid for my motor-car myself." Of this I will say no more that it was very foolish of my rev. friend to pay for his motor-car if he could get anyone else to pay for it. It is more blessed to receive than to give.

Indeed, what I am more concerned about, as a humble student of life, is my rev. friend's attitude to Mr. Ebenezer Jones; though Jones may be merely a figure for his purposes. He imagines one of his parishioners reading his announcement and saying, "Who cares what *you* say? I have my own opinions. How do I know that your teaching will in any way help me, or is any better or truer than the teaching of Mr. Ebenezer Jones in the chapel across the way?" To clinch the matter, he adds, "If you think or talk like that, you think or talk like a fool." With deference, that does not seem to me complimentary. And it is also tactless, besides being cheeky. I cannot imagine anyone being inveigled into the mission of Cornford by being described as a fool for thinking pleasantly of the mission of Jones. It is written that the fool rageth and is confident. This may not be any reflection on my rev. friend. But let us commune together, and see how the text works out, be the consequences what they may.

Undertaking to prove that the man who believes in Jones and his ministrations in the chapel across the road is a fool, my rev. brother explains that among other things he can read the Bible in the original languages in which it was written; but as he does not preach from it in the original languages, I fail to perceive how this puts him ahead of Jones. Then he says he "sat under the teaching of the greatest theologians in England"; that is to say, I presume, the theologians who taught him how to confirm what he wished to believe. Afterwards he says he "went and lived with a man who was Senior Classic of his year and refused the Archbishopric of Canterbury." But then Jones may have lived with a man who was senior butcher in his street, and who eventually refused the Presidency of the Primitive Methodist Conference. Further, and *inter alia*, he says he took a degree in Theology at Cambridge, and that "good Bishop Harold Browne, of Winchester, laid hands upon his head and gave him authority to administer the sacraments, preach the Gospel"—and so forth. Jones may answer that neither Matthew, Mark, Luke, nor John, Peter nor Paul, ever took a degree in Theology, and that Bishop Browne acted *ultra vires*. Certainly the Roman Church and the Greek Church would say this latter, even if Jones did not.

As my rev. friend grows in assurance he increases in impudence. Speaking of his qualifications for being preferred to Jones, he says, "If these do not convince you, nothing will. Stay on at home in your ignorance and folly; or go and sit under Mr. Jones, who three years ago may have been a spiritually-minded grocer, who teaches some poor heresy that a hundred years ago was never heard of, and which will demand nothing more from you than a handshake and a penny in the bag." I have no doubt that this is very, very clever, but conversely it is very, very nasty, and can only serve the purpose, if it serves any purpose at all, of frightening people away from Cornford and filling the pews of Jones. And yet my rev. friend, with his gibe at the penny in the bag, announces on another page that "a box for Special Intercessions will be on a table at the west end of the Church," and that some of the subjects of his mission will be God, Man, Jesus, and Love. That he will make Special Intercessions for those who can afford to pay extra for them is obliging, and probably comes within the scope of his authority by the laying on of hands of "good Bishop Browne." The spiritual economist, however, will probably make his own special intercessions, and save his money. These be hard times.

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CLEMAK RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST., LONDON.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The German Empress's Wardrobe.

That good housewife, the German Empress, is reported to grudge giving overmuch thought and attention to her personal adornment, but for all that, it must not be supposed that she shirks the considerable amount of both extravagance and magnificence that her position entails. For instance, on the occasion of a wedding in the Royal circle or a visit from foreign potentates that implies a round of festivities, the Empress duly orders from twelve to fifteen new and elaborate gowns, as it is not considered etiquette for her Majesty to wear a gala costume more than once, or twice at the very outside. These gowns, too, must be of rich and stately fabrics—velvet, gold and silver brocaded satin, and made gorgeous by real lace and elaborate embroidery. When such a robe has done its small amount of service, it is taken to the Imperial work-room and unpicked, and the most valuable portions of the materials are preserved for future use, or sometimes presented to favoured Court ladies, who duly treasure the Royal gifts as relics. Magnificent beyond words are the Empress's State trains. They are embroidered with precious materials, and in value often range from £800 to £1,600. Such a train lies nearly twenty feet on the floor, and is so tremendously heavy that it is quite impossible for the wearer to move without train-bearers. These consist of six or eight pages, who go through a special course of instruction as to how to manage the voluminous folds to best advantage, whether the Empress be sitting or standing. Her Majesty has a special work-room, with ten seamstresses always at work for herself and the Princesses—her daughter and daughters-in-law; yet only alterations and the simplest of frocks for house and morning wear are actually made here. When the Empress is going to travel, or at the change of the seasons, as many as forty women are to be seen busily stitching. The Empress never orders her gowns in person. The Imperial modistes and tailors send their new materials and designs to the Castle, the first lady-in-waiting submits them to her mistress, and the first lady's-maid—a very different person—does the actual fitting. The Empress has some unique fans, one being entirely of grouse feathers from birds the "War-Lord" has shot, and another of heron's feathers that can claim a like honour.

The Wearing of Spring Clothes.

Shop-keepers may see fit to fill their windows with light and airy spring garments while snow lies on the ground outside, but the average sensible woman was not to be persuaded to cast aside her snug furs and velvets any the earlier for this. But "Cast not a clout till May be out" is carrying matters too much to the extreme on the other side. The beginning of April is certainly the time to indulge in new walking costumes of lighter weight, and likewise in new hats. Not that the shopkeepers are to be altogether blamed for showing their Spring models as absurdly early in the year as they undoubtedly do, for only the really rich will go on buying more winter garments when the dickey-birds are choosing their mates, even though the cold weather may still linger. And certainly women like to gaze upon the fresh fashions in good time, so as to give proper lengthy consideration to the all-important question of what we will settle on when the happy time for really parting with our Spring dress allowance does arrive. Moreover, flowery hats serve the same purpose as the "buttercups and daisies" in the nursery rhyme—they seem, in their fresh daintiness, to "tell of happy hours."

Concerning Spring Frocks.

Beyond any doubt, the Princess gown and every other high-waisted type is to be all-dominating this season. I am very glad, as my artistic eye is now oftener delighted than it has been for years past. Breathe it softly, but a great many women are decidedly too short in the legs for grace or elegance, and when they wear their waists in the position that unkind Nature has ordained for them, they look like hour-glasses—as much length above the waist as below it—horribly ugly that is, really! But, with the belt of the gown worn well raised, we get the impression of long-legged elegance beneath, as well as graceful folds and lines for the material. A great feature of the newest Princess gowns is the number of buttons with which they are covered—really, some of our smartest frocks would make a costermonger's mouth water. A panel down the front, seemingly fastened on down both sides by rows of buttons, the tight-fitting sleeves untrimmed save for a row of buttons down the back, a V-shaped opening at the neck filled in by a vest of lace or net, ornamented by smaller jewelled buttons, is a typical garment this season. Let the fit be flawless, and then, as a *chic* style, it is certainly hard to beat. Evening frocks are much fuller round the lower part of the hem, though they still fit tightly over the hips. Quite often the fulness is gathered up into folds, or looped under rosettes, instead of falling in straight, unbroken folds.

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Claims Paid Exceed £5,000,000. Yearly Income Exceeds £1,000,000.
Agents Wanted. SPECIAL TERMS.
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FOR
THE BEST CUP OF COFFEE IN LONDON.
Open from 8 a.m. until 11 p.m. Sundays, 9 a.m. until 11 p.m.

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Is the Navy Estimate really a Liberal one?
Does Lloyd George know that a tax always results in attacks?
Won't the Hops Bill make *some* brewers jump?
Is all London going to "The Devil"?
Why doesn't Servia change its bad sovereign?
Isn't Mr. Haldane's Billeting Bill a Protectionist measure?
Are the professional football players "playing the game"?
Is it necessary for our Navy to "go begging"?
How does the Government like a Lee shore?
Isn't Mr. Winston Churchill's "consistency" a bit thick?
Does the German Naval propaganda assume that we are proper geese?
Does the winning of the Boat Race depend upon the crew being stroked the right way?

A Barnstaple young woman has dislocated her jaw while yawning. We wonder which of our contemporaries she was reading?

The French drum-major, who died from swallowing 150 cherry and plum stones, ought to have known that colonels always make trouble.

"Heaven is full of old maids," says Miss Emily Weston. It must be "miss"-named then.

Answer to Enquirer: Yes, Bottomley's Book is "bound" to sell.

The would-be assassins of the Ameer of Afghanistan are being blown from the mouths of guns. Ameer detail.

The revenue from Income-tax has not been up to expectations. What will be the Outcome-tax?

The Rotherham County Court has decided that a professional footballer is not a workman. Of course, he only plays.

"Walking is much more complicated than aeroplaning," says Wilbur Wright. Possibly, but one has at least something solid to go on.

The new automatic rifle attachment, which enables a rifleman to fire 1,125 shots an hour, ought to make a hit.

The Camberwell coroner recently broke all records by holding sixteen inquests in one day. Bodily labour.

"I have not much faith in ignored geniuses," says E. Nesbit. We wouldn't trust one with sixpence.

Newhaven has refused admission to twelve undesirable aliens. They must seek a new haven.

A Willesden man who applied for a summons against his wife, said he had no money, but would go home and see if he could get it from her. No doubt he did "get it."

The vote of thanks to the spirits who had helped in the work during the past year, carried at the meeting of the London Spiritualist Alliance, did not raise the ghost of a smile.

The heading, "German Officers on Salisbury Plain," need cause no alarm. They are only cadets, not "big guns."

A bullock recently dashed into the Colchester Hippodrome, and made for the orchestra. The band performed a gallop, in quick time.

"The Straw," is the title of a new book. Sounds rather dry.

The silk hat, we are told, cannot die. This is remarkable, seeing how utterly worn out it frequently becomes.

Sir E. Gray says the latest phase of the situation in Persia is not satisfactory. He should phase it more boldly.

At Sheepy, Leicestershire, several ewes were recently sold for 2s. 6d. each. Apparently no one had any use for them.

For all its name, "Strife" is really a good peace.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain declares that the Government is being found out. Yet it is still "in."

A Bolton man has just received from the War Office a medal he won in the Indian Mutiny. And England wonders why recruits are scarce!

At least four great flag officers are now "on the beach," we read. Flag officers should know how to "pull the ropes" better than that.

The Times writer who speaks of "the timidity of the invective" should join a golf club.

"Mr. Asche in a New Part," we read. Not Cinder-ella, surely?

John Bull's Easter Eggs:—
To the Liberal Government.—A long fare-well.
To Mr. Lloyd-George.—Seven dread noughts.
To John Burns.—A guide to the Milky Whey.
To Horace Avory.—"Bottomley's Book," bound in *shagreen*.
To Prince George of Servia.—An extinguished career.
To President Roosevelt.—A "killing" time.
To Mr. Willett.—A nice light task.
To the Motor-'Bus Companies—A nasty jolt.
To the Queen of Holland.—A course of heir drill.
To Winston Churchill.—A "sweater."
To New Zealand.—A floating debt.
To Lieut. Shackleton.—A warm reception.
To Mr. E. G. Hemmerde.—A "free" copy of the *Express*.
To the 'Varsity Crews.—The Rules of the Rowed.
To Mr. Asquith.—A copy of "Rule Britannia."
To Harry Lauder.—A new *song*.
To General O'Moore Creagh.—A piece of india-rubber.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to—such as whether it related to a legal, financial, insurance, publishing, or general enquiry.

Special Notice.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* enquiries *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* only those of general interest *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

AUTHORS and artists submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work **when stamps have been enclosed in payment of postage.**

Once for all, we resolutely refuse to give biscuits for "tears in her voice," "old women of both sexes," or any other colloquialism. Will our last million readers kindly note?

"Corkonian" wants a definition of an unskilled labourer. What about "a Socialist M.P."?

C. R. (Dublin) informs us that a man at Aughrim was fined 6d. for having registered his girl as a boy. A Suffragette magistrate would not have been content with 6d.

"Induna."—We always keep a soft corner in our heart for the brigand Buonaparte because he shot a publisher. We must see if we can't do something for your friend who shot a war correspondent. We will look into the matter.

F. A. G. (Calcutta).—Your local papers are quite welcome to reproduce our biscuits, particularly when they so politely acknowledge their indebtedness.

E. E. O. (Northampton) tells us of a Socialist who said everybody ought to have two houses, one to live in and the other to let. Then, of course, they could always make a living by taking in each other's washing.

"Anxious" (Hampton Wick) wants to know if any of our readers can recommend a seedsman named Charles Lewin Curtis. This may be an advertisement or a libel.

G. A. E. (Hanley).—Referring to the notice in our issue of March 20th last, the Secretary of the National Deposit Friendly Society has been good enough to inform us that the Society has a district at Hanley, the Secretary being Mr. F. W. Turner, 86, Oak Street, Birches Head, Hanley, Staffs.

J. T. S. (Leeds) entered a competition of the Crown Cigarette Co. (13, 14, King Street, Cheapside) for a prize of £100 for correct football forecasts. According to their advertisements, large sums were paid from week to week for eight or nine correct results. J. T. S. gave all ten, and his name appeared among 45 successful competitors. But he says he has not received a penny, and many other winners are said to be in the same boat.

"An Unfortunate Bank Clerk" says promotion goes by favouritism in his profession.

J. D. (Calabar, S. Nigeria) sends us a watch trick circular received by a young native boy out there from the Ibbotson Supply Co., Manchester.

W. G. (Liverpool) says his bishop is admired even by opponents for his liberality and toleration.

C. C. (Cambridge) has devised a system of signalling which he thinks will get rid of the delays caused by fogs.

R. C. (Bridgwater).—We certainly prefer a performing monkey to a man who plays the monkey on a music-hall stage.

Josephine Curtis Woodbury sends us some half-witted doggerel which the *Florence Herald* has published, and a denunciation of people who do not neglect their own people in favour of Messina victims. What did she give herself for Messina, and what is she going to give for Persia?

S. B. (Battersea Rise).—We quite agree that "Out Patient" would have been well advised to keep away from a hospital.

"A Regular Reader" says railway carmen have a very bad time, and hardly any opportunity to eat their dinners.

"Mac O'Smith" (London, S.E.).—It is a very cheap form of patriotism for a firm to compel all its clerks to join the Territorials. "Insurance against invasion," indeed!

D. M. (Edinburgh).—Crow respectfully declines to be called "that male Corelli." In fact, he has added to our correspondent's initials.

C. J. (Clevedon).—Have nothing to do with the National Old Age Pension Trust.

"A Victim" (Stamford Hill) complains of the food supplied to assistants by wholesale millinery and drapery establishments. Those who complain to the firms are told that, if they don't like the food, they know what to do.

H. A. (Tower Bridge Road) has invented a new watch-chain, and wants to know where to dispose of it. We already have one.

"Odo" (Castlerook).—A biscuit for that rubbish? Not a crumb.

M. G. (Saxmundham).—The accounts of the Northampton bootmaker vary. Who is your friend Sir T. P. N.? Any relation to P. O'T.? Why did you spend all your money in educating yourself as a maltster if you had not a job in view?

"Overtime" (Epsom) wants to know how he could turn two or three spare hours at home into money. Why not try the three-card trick?

A. G. N. (Glasgow) says "there is nothing in the interior of a church to remind the poor jaded toiler of the pleasures of life." But a church is not a music-hall.

J. W. H.—We will think over your suggestion.

THE NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE

GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Have Paid their Clients £185,060.

HERE ARE A FEW RECENT CHEQUES.

C F P	£104	14	0	H H	£280	0	0	T C M	£125	0	0
G H H	245	0	0	H H R	175	10	0	N P E	100	0	0
D	100	0	0	J D	165	0	0	C G B	135	0	0
S G F	100	0	0	T S M	130	0	0	P E G	145	0	0
G H G	131	0	0	G R P	120	0	0	A U	119	0	0
S F G	100	0	0	E R P	112	0	0	R J C.	118	15	0
T W P	100	0	0	J H K	106	10	0	W P C	100	0	0
P L E	330	0	0	C J W	145	0	0	T J H	338	0	0
G R L	100	0	0	W F W.	116	10	0	W C.	202	10	0
C S	147	15	4	E R P	132	0	0	C J W	109	5	0
F J B	216	0	0	W J G.	158	15	0	G S	127	5	0
F S G	100	0	0	W J G.	107	10	1	C J W	100	0	0
F J B	108	10	0	H S R	200	0	0	W J G	192	10	0
W S J	102	0	0	W J G	242	10	0	C J W	138	11	3
E W C	291	15	0	C G B	119	0	0	R J C	112	10	0
J J W	136	5	0	W C.	124	10	0	W J G	261	5	0
N O R	145	0	0	W C.	106	0	0	W C	175	0	0
S M O	100	0	0	S H O L	100	0	0	A O A	130	0	0
G R R	125	0	0	M C	187	0	0	R G F	100	0	0
W C.	500	0	0	S M J	140	0	0	S A R	107	9	2
W P C	100	0	0	W C	180	0	0	R G S	150	0	0
Mr. D V	106	5	0	C G B	157	10	0	L P E	125	0	0
W C.	250	0	0	H B	114	0	0	W C	125	5	0
J H G	315	0	0	Miss D V	127	10	0	R J C	157	0	0
R D	310	0	0	N P S	102	0	0	J A B	300	0	0
W A H	150	0	0	F S	117	16	6	S P E	130	0	0
Mrs. H	100	0	0	H H	125	0	0	W C	152	17	9
W C.	250	0	0	A B	179	3	4	O M W	152	0	0
L P E	100	0	0								
J W	100	0	0								
A B	115	0	0								
C G B	100	0	0								
W C	242	4	8								
L P E	100	0	0								
Mrs. M	100	4	6								
W C	124	0	0								
W C	192	0	0								
G E A	106	7	9								
J J C	160	0	0								
Mrs. E L	131	2	4								
J M C	256	7	0								

EVERY CHEQUE ON VIEW.

Telephone—712 London Wall. Telegrams—"Natsharex, London."

SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON.

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STOCK AND SHARE DEALERS.

J.B. 1230.

Please forward me full particulars of how the above sums were made.

NAME .....
(Rev., Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

ADDRESS IN FULL .....

.....

T. B. (Birmingham) complains bitterly of the treatment received from a professional boncsetter, but it is an old story.

A. E. B. (Walworth) is a cripple, and says that the Workmen's Compensation Act renders it quite impossible for him to obtain employment at his trade—that of a cabinet-maker, in which he has won considerable distinction. But the only way to deal with such matters is by a large extension of the Pensions Act, making provision for the physically disabled.

"Eureka" (Upper Edmonton).—We think you ought to advertise in the trade papers, such as the *Poultry World* or *Poultry Journal*.

J. B. (Glasgow) writes: "They say that Adam and Eve belonged to Tobermory, and that the Devil was whelped in the Pass o' Killiecrankie. But so far I have not heard to where you belong. This much I will say in admiration, 'You are a bonnie fichter.'" We are universal.

C. H. (Hull) points out that *Tit-Bits* has imitated our "Letter Bag" feature, dropping their old form of answers to correspondents. Congratulations to our contemporary!

W. G. H. (Plaistow) wishes us to decide a dispute as to whether Robert Ingersoll was a Socialist "as Blatchford and the rest is." We must first know exactly what Blatchford and each of the rest mean by the term. We will then look up all Ingersoll's works, and, after due deliberation, give our decision.

"Ajax" (London), owing to illness, has had to receive assistance from a relative, who, however, has recently sent him "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son" and Mr. Keary's book "Get On or Get Out." "Ajax" thinks these books constitute a reflection upon his energy and enterprise, and would like the name of a suitable volume to send to his relative in return. What do our readers say?

J. G. (Holloway).—You will find a full answer to your question in the section of "Bottomley's Book" dealing with "Experiences as a Parliamentary Candidate."

D. A. G. (London) calls our attention to the present unsatisfactory method of income tax assessment, which results in people with a dwindling trade having to pay, not a shilling in the pound, but often 1s. 6d. or more—the profits being assessed upon a three-years' average. The point is fully dealt with in Mr. Hallett Fry's new book, "The Income Tax Incubus and the Budget," as one requiring immediate attention.

G. E. G. had a servant upon whom "a moth-eaten looking female" called at the back door. She was induced to accept a trumpery watch and jewellery from the Waverley Supply Stores, 317, Upper Street, N., "upon a month's trial, without payment," though her signature was obtained to a form as an acknowledgment of the loan of the things, the form not being read by her. The girl left shortly after, and since then G. E. G. has been much amused by the various devices resorted to by the "Stores" and a concern called "Cooke's Mercantile Offices," 333, Gray's Inn Road, W.C., to obtain the girl's present address, one particularly ingenious one being a postcard stating that "Miss J. Cook," of the Gray's Inn Road address, had received a letter for the girl, which she was unable to forward as she had mislaid the domestic's present address. But G. E. G. was too fly.

"Milador" (Hammersmith) has to support a blind father, and thinks it would be easier for him to do so if he could obtain a berth in the merchant service. But such berths are very difficult to get without previous experience, and we are afraid the wages would not be any better than those he is now receiving.

"Once Bitten" (Leamington).—But the stipulation as to payment of commission on a year's salary, whether the engagement lasts so long or no, is made quite clear in the agreement you signed—and the agency places its services at your disposal during the rest of the year, free of further charge.

"Caricature" (Durham).—Pen and ink sketches should be done on either Bristol board or a smooth cardboard. Many artists prefer Bristol board because it does not go yellow by keeping, that colour, of course, coming out black when the block is made. Monochrome work can be done on any water-colour paper, the grain does not matter. Most artists use an ordinary cartridge paper.

E. L. (Upper Edmonton), J. H. B. (Stepney), and others.—The *Daily Mirror* was quite correct. Unfortunately, the death of the wife closely followed that of the husband.

H. P. T. (Dalston).—The *Daily Sketch*, in speaking of Mr. Arthur King, the miner who is said to have won £12,000 in a lottery, and his *fiancée*, Miss Bird, is perhaps thinking of turtle dover when it says that "Mr. *Bird* thinks of marrying and settling down on a poultry farm."

E. M. (London, N.).—We do not see your point, unless it be that you do not think artillery would have much chance of hitting a balloon three miles off, even at a less altitude than 1,000ft.

M. L. B. (Alexandra Park), *apropos* a recent biscuit award, says, if the "amount" of ladies playing should be more than gents., why cannot a lady take the "gent.'s" prize? We give it up.

"Nimrod" (Aldershot).—It does seem rather strange to dedicate the rink to roller skating in summer and to tennis in winter—but perhaps the novelty would be attractive.

H. D. S. (Plymouth).—"Brilliant audiences filled nearly every seat in the house" may be intended by *The Gentlewoman* to convey the idea of the auditors' intellectual brilliancy or that the show of jewels on the dresses of the ladies was up to Opera pitch.

"Anon" (Brighton) sends us a copy of the handbill issued by the Vicar of St. Bartholomew's Church there announcing "Matins, 8 p.m.; Evensong, 3 a.m." We believe that in some of the monasteries services are held at such early hours as 3 a.m., but no doubt in this case it is merely a printer's slip.

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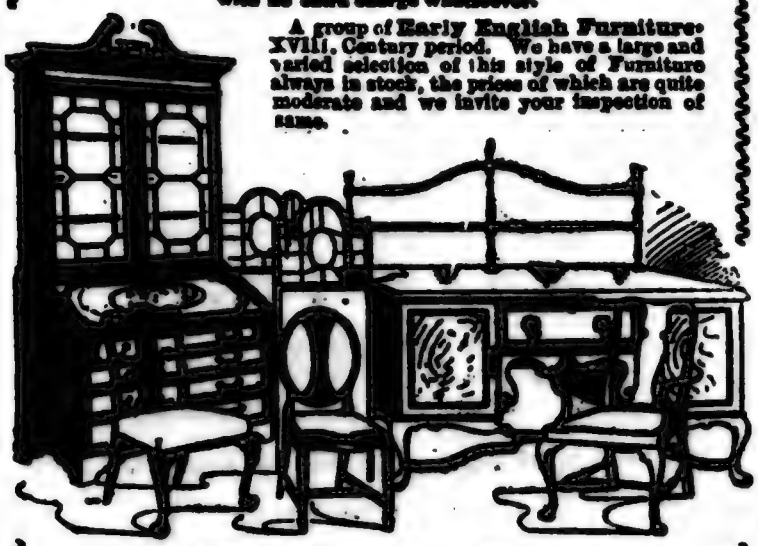

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G. H. G. (Belvedere).—The sentence "Aren't heaps of wives better men than their husbands?" is not meant to be taken literally (we must not use the word figuratively), but in the same way as "Old women of both sexes"—which latter sentence is so often sent in by would-be biscuit bakers.

F. C. C. (Bethesda).—An obvious slip.

"Disappointed."—According to the secretary's letter to you, "all funds are practically exhausted," and, if that be the case, it does not seem that any good purpose would be served by further correspondence.

A. Gitton.—We are always ready to give both sides of a question, and we should have tried to have published your letter, in which you seek to say that we were wrong in praising the Merchant Service Guild, but for the fact that you accepted the statement of some idiot who told you that we do not give the other side because we have been "got at." Do try and believe that it is possible to take a different view from your own upon a matter without being influenced by corrupt motives.

"A Portsmouth Newsagent."—It was, of course, a slip on the part of the Portsmouth *Evening News* printers to date that paper March 28th outside and March 29th in—but we have known such a thing to happen with other printers. "Vicar's Dilemma" is funny, but hardly funny enough for a biscuit.

R. McD. (Glasgow).—It was certainly incorrect of the *Evening Citizen* to say that the general entered the army in 1656, but these little things will happen.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XXXIX.

We have received the following letter, and satisfied ourselves that its statements are true :—

Would you, by giving publicity to my case, kindly assist a victim of trade depression and female labour to obtain work of any description ?

I ask because I am as deep in the mire as it is possible, I believe, to be outside the portals of a Salvation Army shelter.

Neither drink nor crime are responsible for my truly unhappy position. I have been out of employment for over three months, during which time I have written scores of applications for work, but without success, due no doubt to the exceptional keenness of competition among applicants owing to a dearth of situations vacant. I have lost home, position, in short, everything, except honour. My home had to "go" long since in order to buy food, and I and my family (wife and two children) are entirely dependent upon a widow, who can ill afford to keep us—in fact, it is only by dint of much pinching and scraping that she is able to manage at all.

I am 28 years of age, an efficient shorthand writer and typist, and possess a useful knowledge of the French, German and Portuguese languages; I am strong and active, and can drive, which latter fact I mention because, being so sadly in need of work, no job—however menial, rough or dirty—would be beneath my dignity.

I should be glad to give any interested person full details concerning myself.

P.S.—My wife is now pregnant, and in another two months or so the event will be upon us, bringing fresh trouble. If I could get something to do before then I should be so thankful!

Human Document.—XXXVIII.

With reference to the writer of the letter which appeared under this heading in our issue of 27th instant, in which it may be remembered that an assistant in the grocery and provision trades complained that he found it impossible to get employment because he was married, we are happy to say that a Swansea trader has written to us asking to be put in communication with the writer of the letter, and we have every reason to believe that our correspondent has now found the situation he has been looking for so long. We hope master and man may have equal cause for congratulation in being brought together.

INDIGESTION

If you cannot eat you cannot be strong and well. That is self-evident. Therefore it is unwise to neglect the early symptoms of indigestion. You must suffer if you do. That slight oppression after meals will turn to acute pain; that dull, heavy feeling over your eyes become the daily headache. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup! Take it now and avoid risks. It is the supreme cure for indigestion, because it ensures perfect action of the digestive organs.

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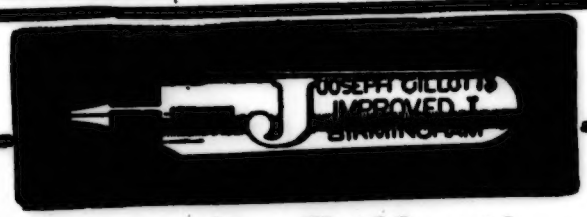

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

A Pretty Sight.

Apropos of Warwick, there is no prettier or more stirring sight than to see a field of steeplechasers charging the fences.

A Stepping Stone.

Hartigan, like Geo. Williamson, all the Woodland boys, Ivor Anthony, Walter Bulteel, and in fact half our present day steeplechase jockeys, began riding as an amateur.

An Anomaly.

As a rule the hunting man is the steeplechasing man, and yet it is a fact in more than one instance that a Master of Hounds, who is a racehorse owner, eschews National Hunt sport, but runs a few flat-racers.

An Unpopular "Move."

I wonder whether William I'Anson will fare now any differently to others who have come from the provinces, in his experience of Newmarket ways and fashions. Truly there could be *no* greater contrast than his truly rural Yorkshire establishment and "uppish" Newmarket.

Backers' Bogeys.

Plenty of horses win plenty of races even to an average of one out of three, and yet they can be extraordinarily unlucky to some of their backers. For instance, a man may often fancy, and yet invariably miss them the times they win, and be on when they lose. I think Sweet Cecil and Hill Climber provide very good cases in point this winter.

His Best Game.

Let Go the Painter is a very much better horse in N.H. sport than on the flat, but he has never quite forgotten his A.P. experiences when invariably making the running. In the result he will now follow other horses and take a "hiding" as gamely as possible, but will *never* do his best when in front.

Prophetic.

Leicester carries the sport right up to the holidays. In its chief events I can very well see a double event as belated reparation to that splendid sportsman, Mr. A. Stedall, for

BEDMINSTER

is obviously well in Wednesday's Melton Plate, and, through Koul, must beat Whyte-Melville. The only fear I have is that Bedminster is almost too big and far-striding a horse for the up-and-down course. The next day, although penalised 5lbs., his stable companion,

MOORLAND LAD,

will about take the Spring Handicap, the danger being Summer, who, however, I think hardly stays as well as the three-year-old, and this is a mile and a quarter.

On the same afternoon, CHARTERHOUSE, if satisfied with the Wigston Plate, should win it, while MARATHON II. would also pick up the Billesden Plate at the meeting, but is much more likely to wait for Kempton, where he will join the Easter Monday Welter, into which he is thrown. His Lincoln public form is not what he is really capable of. The big race at Sunbury is, of course, the Queen's Prize, in which horses like Cargill and Rousay, if really themselves, must have chances. My vote goes confidently to that genuine, if unlucky and usually overweighted, performer,

WUFFY,

who should be backed *each way*, for Mr. Bendon's representative is bound, as usual, to be in the fighting. He goes right out every time, irrespective of handicapping, and thus the success would be popular, and, if it accrues, should be received with acclamation.

In Manchester's Great Lancashire Handicap on Easter Monday, whatever beats the Lawrenny best, probably SWEET CECIL, will about win, and I think the greatest danger is FIRST CHAMPION. The next day's rich Hurdle Handicap ought to give reparation at last to the unlucky but erratic

RELISH.

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The following claims have been received for the issues of January 30th, February 13th and 20th:—

H. D. GODDARD, 13, Claremont Road, Maida Hill, W. (No. 97621—January 30th.)

Mrs. A. DUBBRIDGE, Magdala Villa, Uplands, Stroud, Gloucester. (No. 206363—February 13th.)

E. F. ABLITT, 304, Grove Green Road, Leytonstone, N.E. (No. 39146—February 20th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 6th:—

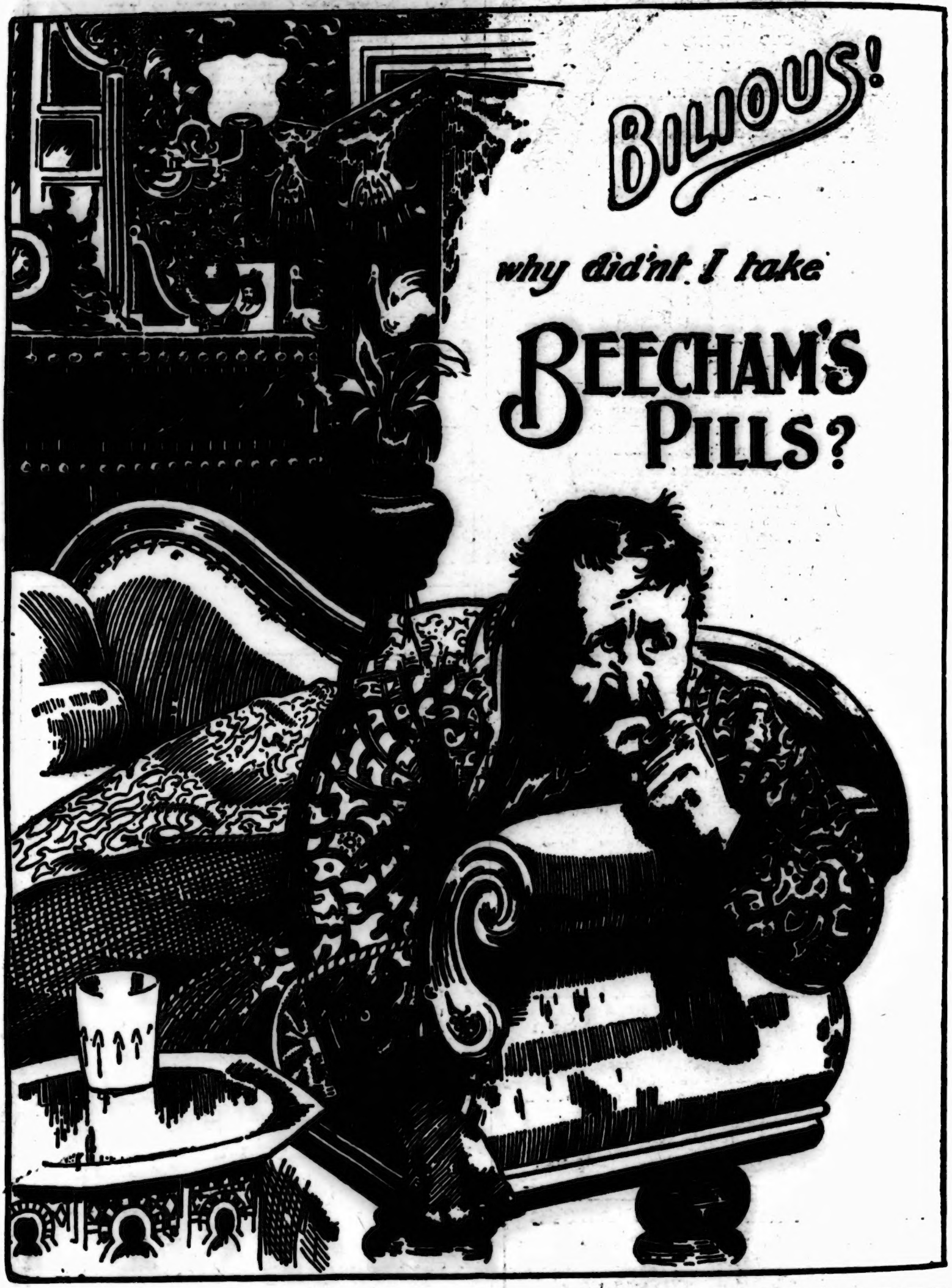
226; 13824; 16161; 26667; 29285; 37913; 44159; 48972; 50111; 54545; 61007; 67102; 74226; 77966; 84104; 87872; 92295; 96742; 105387; 115964; 119924; 122479; 127736; 133396; 141065; 149196; 151162; 151169; 156765; 159869; 164982; 169964; 181895; 185944; 192845; 197601; 205156; 214967; 216874; 224266; 225746; 232965; 239237; 250756; 256211; 264352; 267352; 273715; 280062; 280964.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED MAY 15TH (PUBLISHED MAY 13TH).

Special Notice.

We find that the arrangements in connection with our New Ballot Scheme will take somewhat longer to complete than we anticipated, and, therefore, until further notice, the scheme will continue on the old lines, as explained above.



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